

# YESTERDAYS

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❧ LUCY SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE ❧

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BY LUCY SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE

Yesterdays Memories from a Long Life.

Illustrated. . . . . \$1.25

Jewels from the Orient. Illustr't'd. 1.00

Helping the Helpless in Lower New  
York. Illustrated. . . . . 1.25





BILLY, JOHN AND BARBARA



# Y|E|S|T|E|R|D|A|Y|S

By

LUCY SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE

*Hon. Supt. Woman's Branch, New York  
City Mission Society.*

*Author of "Round the World Letters,"  
"Helping the Helpless in Lower New  
York," "Jewels from the Orient," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED



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. . . “ Yesterday is but to-day's memory  
and to-morrow is to-day's dream.”



## FOREWORD

**T**HE world of my grandchildren is very different from the world I knew at their age, and I realize it is difficult to bring to them the atmosphere of that earlier time. About the fireside I have told them stories in a simple way of when Daddy was a boy, and now comes the impulse to put it all in writing for them to read. Perhaps these bygones will be the link to keep them in touch with the far-away past, and give them a true understanding of the lives that led up to their lives.

In these pages I have tried to make myself incidental to the events that left impressions upon the young mind of the boy. It is not all the story of my busy life. That would indeed take my readers far afield, for besides these journeys there were many others. I could tell of several visits to Italy and Switzerland, of touring England, of travel in this country. I should like to speak of a trip to Texas with my adopted daughter. But these experiences are unwritten. They are not a part of this book.

I hope my son will some day supplement this brief record by tales to his children of the boarding school days at Mohegan Lake; about his sports as well as his studies; of how he was Captain of the military company, and about that essay on

China and the Chinese he was able to do so well because of having been there and seen things for himself; about college and his preparation for a career of medicine and surgery; of his three years of travel with an invalid gentleman to Egypt, the Orient and Europe, and Yellowstone Park. Most of all my hope is that he will tell them of the work and fund of experience gained in his service in the World War.

Lovingly I add a word of one who has been a lasting comfort and joy to me—the cultured, Christian lady who became the wife of my son and the mother of his children.

Now at fourscore years, and more, I put my name to this collection of memories, and leave it in the hands of my dearly beloved grandchildren, William Wheeler, John Seaman, and Barbara.

L. S. B.

*New York.*

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## I

### MY FIRST HOME

**A**CCORDING to tradition, a characteristic of my people was ever a fondness for roving. The love of home and desire for travel seemed always in conflict.

*“The little house says ‘stay’;  
The winding road says ‘go.’”*

Old Captain John Seaman could not keep his sons and grandsons on the ancestral acres in Long Island. One grandson sailed for Shanghai to engage in the export of tea and spices; another, with the title of Major, took a part in the Russo-Japanese War. The one who made his home in Saratoga Springs was the father of my father, John Seaman, who at an early age wandered to Rochester, New York, there to learn the trade of boot and shoe making

Lured also by the call of the West my mother's family moved to Rochester by canal-boat and stage-coach from Middlebury, Vermont. Some members of the family continued the adventure and settled in Ohio. The responsibility for the move rested upon the shoulders of one relative who taught

Greek and Latin in Middlebury College. It was he who persuaded the others not to stay in the little house, and his enthusiasm furnished inspiration for the new venture.

In Rochester the lives of my father and mother came together and their companionship was followed by marriage. The winding road called again and the stage-coach took them to the distant village of Cleveland, Ohio. I like to think of my mother as a pretty bride of seventeen. I know her cheeks were pink and her eyes blue and that she wore a green calash bonnet.

In Cleveland my parents established a home and children were born. When I was a few weeks old my grandmother, Lucy Boynton, died, and her name was given me as a very precious heritage. My father's business prospered and his original firm, Seaman & Smith, a partnership that remained unbroken for fifty years, is still remembered as a pioneer leather and shoe store.

Three large maple trees stood guard outside the fence, and shadowed the front yard at 65 Seneca street, Cleveland, Ohio. With them stood a restless beautiful elm, and the plot of grass between the stone sidewalk and the road often invited passersby to stop and rest on a hot day. The stocky maples were not disturbed by the breezes which blew from Lake Erie nearby, but the elm tree kept always in motion. Through its branches we children used to count the stars; and when the wind

blew we imagined its tossing boughs were trying to tell us something. The yard was full of flowers and shrubbery, but the snowball-tree in the corner of the fence which was my mother's special delight and care stands out in memory more vividly than the rest.

In the rear of the house was an arbour; grapevines covered this as well as the trellis and lattice that slanted to the roof of the extension and before the kitchen door. In season these were covered with grapes, but the fruit on the arbour which was easy to reach had hardly a chance to get ripe before our boys picked them.

Our garden was a square in length, running from Seneca street to Academy lane, and one part was allotted to me for my playhouse. It stood under a spreading damson-plum tree; it had a curtained window and a bright, green door, and was my own domain. The boys were always ready to accept an invitation to eat flapjacks there, made upon my own real, little cook-stove.

A wealthy widow owned the beautiful home and garden on one side of our place, and on the other side lived a brood of children whose parents were ardent students of Roman history. At the time we all played together there seemed nothing strange in the names of these neighbouring boys, which we took as a matter of course. Now, they seem a bit odd. The oldest was Junius Brutus, the next was Brutus Junius, the twins were Cassius Caius and

Caius Cassius, and the youngest were Lucius Mucius and Mucius Lucius.

On Academy lane, the back boundary of our place, were families that we children did not visit, but among them was a friendly little boy who sent me my first valentine. He was at the age of nine when he ventured into our backyard carrying two grimy valentines for me to select the one I would rather have. I think I must have appreciated the implied compliment that whoever was to receive the second came also second in his affections. In any case, I have never forgotten that little boy with smudges on his face and tokens of his regard in a dirty hand.

It was about this time that I cast my first vote. My brother was anxious to be mayor of the alley, and gave me the privilege of voting on the understanding that I was to put in my ballot for him. He was duly elected, and I was happy to have helped him secure the honour.

Another impression of the old homestead foreshadowed events of my older years. In the old bookcase behind the silk curtain was a book that strongly fascinated me, and I would often take it and sit alone studying the many illustrations. It was a work on China, and described the queer customs of that far-off land. It held and thrilled me, and I promised myself that, some day, I would go there and see it all.

My step from public school to high school was

marked by a new independence. I was no longer a child who could be trusted only to run around the corner, but a young lady who took a long walk every day through the city's busy streets and public square, to the school-building of the advanced pupils.

I well remember something my mother told us in these days: "School is important," she would say, "but it is more important that my children make themselves ready for eternal life." She was always more anxious concerning her boys' spiritual welfare than seemed necessary. They were good boys, but she wanted them inside the church—members with herself and my father of the Old First Baptist Church of which, for so many years, Dr. Adams was pastor. I recall a meeting held at his house when the boys were to have a personal talk with him, and I surprised my mother by asking permission to go with them. At the end of that interview I was also accepted for church membership after baptism.

We always observed the week of prayer and the yearly fast day—not strictly a fast, for cold meat, apple pie, cake, sauce, and such things were spread upon a side-table for refreshment when needed; but there was no cooking done in the kitchen and our usual substantial dinner was omitted. On that day we were excused from school and school-work and spent the hours in church.

## II

### MY PARENTS

**T**HE meeting of my parents in Rochester, the call of the West and the homestead in Cleveland, I have written about. It seems fitting, now, to mention my father's business, since he grew with the new city in influence and importance during more than fifty years of his residence there.

The firm of Seaman & Smith manufactured boots and shoes, principally of a heavy style, and their retail store was a popular meeting-place of friends for exchange of views, political, religious, and philosophical. My father was not a talker, and his reticence to speak in public was well known. Yet his advice was much sought and his opinions highly valued. He always retained the simplicity of his Quaker origin; his principles were of the highest and his integrity was never impeached. Pretense or show was very distasteful to him, and he often amused his friends by consistency to these ideals, as instanced in his habit of carrying a valuable gold watch on a shoestring.

The great packing-cases of miners' boots that were shipped up the lakes made an impression upon my young mind that remains to this day. Incidentally, this trade brought to me an oppor-



tunity to make a trip to Lake Superior. One summer, the captain of one of the steamers that handled my father's freight, invited my brother and me to go with him, and our parents' permission being granted we made the journey as guests of the captain. It was a delightful experience. We stopped off at Marquette, and at another point we visited a copper mine. This makes me think of a joke I played on some of my schoolboy acquaintances whom we met at one of the ports. My friends were much interested in knowing that I had been down a mine and wanted to go themselves. I told them that I had been personally conducted by Ben Blucher, who had led me carefully through the horizontal levels of the underground regions. I did not say that Ben Blucher was the dog of my real leader. I remembered that I had many old scores to settle with these same young men, and it occurred to me that here was a fine chance to square things. Too often, at home, they had asked for a lock of my hair, promising to keep it in a tin box so it would not set fire to anything. So I told them pleasantly that if they inquired around the place for Ben Blucher and said to him that I had sent them, no doubt he would lead them into the mine. Grateful for the introduction, they started off and I learned afterwards of their being well laughed at. They finally acknowledged they had been outwitted by a red-headed girl.

About this time began our friendship with the Shakers. To-day, in Cleveland, there is a handsome residential section called Shaker Heights, but I knew it when it was rich farming land, with a small school and the community houses of these quaint settlers. They were among my father's customers, and would drive to town in cumbersome wagons to do their trading. Once, at my father's store, a young Shaker woman was taken ill, and in his big-hearted way, my father sent her to our home where my mother cared for her for several days. This led to an invitation being given us to visit them, and I was allowed to accept. It gave me an understanding of their queer customs and an intimate acquaintance with their scrupulously neat houses, the braided mats, also a share of the good fare of the community table. The fertile land owned by the Shakers produced marvelous rye, wheat and barley, while their cows gave richer cream and their gardens bigger strawberries than any other in the vicinity. They would often send my mother gifts of most delicious butter and berries.

The Shakers rigidly upheld the laws governing their religion. Their belief did not sanction marriage; the men and the women were supposed to have no interest whatever in each other; they had occupations apart, they did not sit together at meals, the brothers having one long table and the sisters another. Yet, within my recollection,

romance somehow crept in between the rules. This same young sister who spent some days at our house was the community school-teacher. The duty of keeping the wood-box full was no doubt hard for her and a young brother offered to help. Then one dark night they ran away and were married, in spite of all the rules and commandments of the Shaker religion.

At the age of seventy-three my father died, slipping out of life while he slept. There was no illness, no premonition of his sudden taking off. The evening before his death a neighbour said to him as he walked briskly home from business: "John Seaman, you are younger than any of your boys." In the morning when he was found in bed, there was no sign of pain or any struggle. Upon his face was a smile, as if made in response to some glad greeting given him in a new land.

As a daughter who loved him devotedly, I can add to my tribute what was spoken at the funeral by one of his Cleveland associates. I would have his great-grandchildren ever remember the words: "There lies a man without a spot upon his character."

Of my mother it has been written in the lines of a friend, that she gave always

*" . . . labor that has blest  
Some overburdened weary breast;  
Has bound some tender, bruised reed;*

*Has passed a hand to hand in need;  
And proved a friend, a friend indeed."*

In days when it was considered a discredit to a woman to study medicine she courageously entered the field and graduated as a physician. For years she had read books on medicine and other scientific subjects, and used the knowledge gained in bringing up her children and in endeavouring to strengthen herself to overcome the effects of an injury received when she was an infant. She gave much study to hydropathy and also to food-values. She was the first housekeeper, at least in that locality, to cook whole wheat as a breakfast-dish. With mind keenly progressive she looked ahead, and saw a future for women in the field of medicine and literally pushed her way into it. There was great opposition from the colleges to any woman endeavouring to enter, but the Western Homeopathic College in Cleveland finally admitted her to lectures. Separated from the men-students, she occupied an armchair and a footstool in the gallery; but many a friendly smile was sent up to her from below, and she was called the "guardian angel." She made the most of their good fellowship and invited the class often to bountiful suppers at our home, which were followed by ardent discussions of the several branches of their work. Early in 1860, eighteen young men and

Cleora Augusta Seaman received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

While my mother never advertised her profession by a doorpost sign, many patients came to our home at 65 Seneca street, Cleveland, and her cures were talked about with wonder and gratitude. A room in our house called "the Lord's Room" was nearly always occupied by a sufferer under treatment, or a poor student, or one in sorrow. There was one cure that my mother was enabled to effect which was considered hardly short of miraculous. A poor woman of the neighbourhood had been pronounced by various doctors incurable and for years had been helpless in bed. My mother called upon her and at once had her brought to our home and installed in the Lord's Room. Daily routine treatment was given, part of it being a bath in electrically charged water, it being necessary to lift the patient in and out of the tub each time. Omitting details of the slow process of recovery I can say, that from a condition which drew the ankles up to the hips, the woman was able to get about on crutches and finally to walk with no more assistance than a cane. In that manner she came to my mother's funeral and stood and blessed her memory as the greatest friend she ever had.

It was largely through the zeal and influence of my mother that the first woman's medical college was organized in Ohio, and she was its first presi-

dent. The first annual announcement set forth as follows:

“Mrs. C. A. Seaman, who has been widely known these many years as being most successful in the treatment of chronic diseases peculiar to her sex will, in connection with the chair of Theory and Practice, deliver a course of lectures on the Therapeutic Uses of Electricity.”

The second annual announcement, made in the spring of 1869, stated:

“The Seaman Free Dispensary has been established by the first president of the college, Mrs. C. A. Seaman, M. D. It occupies a room in the college building and is under the control of the faculty.”

Then, having triumphed in her cause, my mother passed quietly that same year into eternal life at the age of fifty-three.

Years afterwards I met a young woman physician in Foochow, China, who was doing much good in that land. In conversation she told me that she first became interested in missionary and medical work through her Bible-class teacher in Cleveland. Quite innocently she added: “Do you happen to know her? She was Mrs. Seaman.”

I am sure that my mother's influence has spread, not once, but many times around the world, and that it will never be wholly lost while there are others to carry it on.

### III

#### AT SCHOOL

**N**EW Year's Day was kept in ceremonious manner when I was in my early teens. Business stopped, stores closed, and after eleven o'clock in the morning the ladies received callers. Among the young girls there was much rivalry over the number of men they entertained during the day. I usually had with me two or three chums to share the honours of hostess, and we served, as the guests came singly or collectively, turkey, mince-pie, oysters, cake, etc. In the evening a few young men, who had been specially invited, would come again and stay till midnight. Sometimes homes were not open to callers, and here would be found little baskets adorned with flowers and ribbons, hung just below the door bell, to receive the cards of the men who came to say "Happy New Year!"

My father and mother would receive their guests in the large sitting room in the wing of the house, before the open fire, and would talk over with their older friends, the follies of the times, the tendencies in trade, the condition of the country, always ending with the Slavery Question, which was in those days the chief topic.



An event of my early days was the coming into our home of the daughter of my father's only sister. She was a very pretty girl and loved to dance. I remember mother helping her make a stylish frock with tiny ruffles up to the waist, to be worn over a hoopskirt, on the occasion of a society affair which proved to be of great importance in her life for there she met the rich bachelor she soon afterward married.

She was always a fairy god-mother to me, and when her husband died leaving her much property, my father helped her in business matters, much to her gratitude. There was one daughter of this union, romantically named Keeoka after an Indian Princess whom her father met on one of his trips to the Far West. But the life of Keeoka was short, as she did not reach her eighteenth birthday.

Quite recently I was spending the summer in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Driving out one day I passed a little church with a beautiful stained-glass window, and noticed over the door the words "Keeoka Memorial." Making inquiry, I learned from the present minister, that years before an invalid lady had come to the mountains to regain her health and had built the church in memory of her daughter. Of course, I could very easily identify this with my lost cousin.

My early years passed with little trace of sadness. Then came a time when one sorrow after another fell upon me. There was my mother's



only brother, a Presbyterian minister, who used to visit us. I remember that he sat with us the last evening of his stay and as we were about to part for the night said: "You will be getting up early in the morning for your bread-making and I shall be going early back to my duties. Please play and sing that favourite of mine." At the piano we joined in the refrain:

*"For here's my heart and here's my hand,  
To meet you in the Promised Land,  
Where parting is no more."*

But early the next morning, before we were hardly astir, there was the sound of a heavy fall. Hurrying to his room we found that this only brother of my mother had fallen down dead.

Grief visited me again when my baby sister died, and when my dearest cousin in Buffalo suddenly passed away. Then my eldest brother developed typhoid. He and I were very close to each other, and he wanted me, his "Lutey," to sit beside him; so I sat, and talked and sang to him every day, until the dread disease took him away.

In the space of two years these and other sorrows came into my life and I lost heart for everything and felt that I, too, would soon pass out of life. But my mother, with her broad vision, knew that all I needed were new scenes and fresh incentives. It was then that young ladies' seminaries became our chief topic around the fireside. I see

even now the evenings we spent in consultation, my father toasting his feet at the open fire, discussing the merits of each school report or catalogue as my mother handed it to him. All in turn were discarded until he came to one strongly recommended by Miss Guilford, one of my teachers at the Cleveland Seminary. "I can thoroughly endorse Ipswich, Mass," she had said. And as I had always declared that I would not go anywhere but to Massachusetts, it was so decided. One sentence in the catalogue pleased my father. It ran as follows: "It is the aim of this school to make companionable, healthy, and self-reliant women." I remember his laying down the book and turning from the glowing coals with the decisive announcement: "Daughter, you may go to that school."

I went, and alone, for my first lesson in self-reliance was to begin that way. Without attendant or chaperon I was put upon the train for Boston. Sixty years ago there was not the same railroad efficiency that exists to-day, and through some delay in service I had to spend the night at a hotel in Albany. Arriving in Boston, I was again compelled to be alone for a night in a hotel bedroom. I remember barricading the door with tables and chairs, and, even with that protection, passing a sleepless night. But it was a practical lesson in self-reliance and I was always thankful for it, and for the additional training in looking out for myself I was given at Ipswich.

It was before the days of the first woman's college that I entered the Ipswich Female Seminary. At the head of it was the Rev. Mr. Coles and his wife, both learned and advanced, and the curriculum embraced many studies that were not covered in a young girl's schooling generally. We had Whateley's *Logic and Rhetoric*, *Elements of Criticism*; Alexander's *Evidences of Christianity*, Butler's *Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion*, besides Latin and Greek. All this knowledge was in the mind of our professor, for he was blind and depended upon no books. Mrs. Coles was also highly cultured, and her brilliancy put warmth and life and sympathy into the place. I remember the rose-trimmed cap she used to wear over her abundant hair.

I was homesick and lonely at first, and sorrow still tinged my outlook on life. In my little room in this comfortable home I spent many hours in musing, and felt the urge to put my musings into rhyme, with the following result:

*Friends of old, to-night, are with me,  
Forms long gone still yet so dear,  
Happy voices now are calling,  
Angels' wings I seem to hear.*

*Loving arms are round me twining,  
Heavenly music fills the air—  
Brother, friend and sister singing,  
Sad but sweet to have you there.*

*Spirit friends, who seem to hover  
Round me as though still of earth,  
Can you leave those blissful mansions  
Cheering my lone heart's sad dearth?*

*Nellie, dear, how sweet the meeting  
When from earth my soul is free;  
A harp, a robe and thou art waiting  
In that heavenly land for me.*

*Brother—gone in manhood's morning—  
Gone to that eternal home—  
Now with angels thou'rt praising  
Him who sits upon the throne.*

*Another year lies dead behind me,  
One more year I have begun;  
Duties new, and sorrows may be,  
Ere its close have I to learn.*

Naturally I was ambitious for my first effort and sent the verses to one of the Boston papers in which, to my great pride, it appeared. On my next vacation at home I was hailed as a poetess, a title which I could never rightfully claim afterwards, as this was my only attempt at rhyming.

One of our duties at the Seminary was to report the Sunday morning service in pink-covered note-books; and to this day the sight of a pink-covered note-book takes me back to Ipswich and to the Monday mornings when we had to present our impressions of the sermon for criticism and marks of merit or demerit. At the end of the month the girl who had the best reports was invited to spend

the day with a former teacher of the school, a woman of literary activity living in Newburyport. I was so favoured, and I remember going and being presented to this lady's friends as the girl with the best pink note-book.

It is a pleasure to me to recall some noted women who visited the seminary and had once been pupils there. Among them were Gail Hamilton, Lucy Larcom and Sarah Orne Jewett, whose writings were all enjoyed by girls at that time. One event was the coming of Cordelia Fisk from Persia and her telling stories of the Orient, the group of girls sitting at her feet listening eagerly. The strange tales were new and thrilling, for we had not then so many books to get our stories from, as the young people have now.

There were rollicking times scattered through the school year. Sometimes I spent vacations at the home of a schoolmate, where an aged aunt and an older sister presided over the fun, no doubt keeping it within bounds. One April Fool's Day we selected as the victim of our joke a girl whose sentimental fancy had centered in a certain young man. In borrowed clothes I presented myself at the house to call upon her, and amid the giggles of the others she was sent into the room to meet me. Tenderly I put my arms around her and she submitted to the embrace until, unfortunately, my hat fell off and then came a shout of "April

Fool " from behind the door. I was never quite forgiven by the chagrined girl for this escapade.

After half a century, I can look at an old group-picture of the pupils of Ipswich and account for many of them. One of the girls married a sea captain and died at sea. Her grave is the deep ocean not far from Hong Kong. Another girl is buried with her husband in Ohio. Paralysis overtook another and she is now helpless, after a lifetime spent as missionary in India.

It was during my last year at school that the gun at Fort Sumter proclaimed the Civil War. As the news was read to us, day by day, we began to realize how personal it was to each one. Near and dear friends, as well as those who belonged to us by blood, were drawn into the warfare. We girls tried to do what little things we could, knitting many pairs of mittens, fashioning them with one finger and a thumb.

My final school-remembrance is graduation. Exercises were held in the church at the top of the hill, and between a double row of pretty girls we seniors walked, the teachers leading, up the hill to our places in the church. As a tribute to our country and a sign of our loyalty, we were dressed in white with red, white and blue sashes.

Thus I passed another milestone. School life was ended.

## IV

### SISTER OHIO

**A** VISIT to Washington with my mother, in 1864, brought about an immediate change in my life.

We were guests at a public dinner where one of the speakers told of the need of nurses at the war-front—a vital need, for which there was no adequate supply. At that time our country had no trained nurses; the women who took upon themselves that duty had only their home-experience and common-sense on which to rely. I went into service with hardly that much knowledge, I was so very young.

Through the courtesy of *The Outlook* I am able to include here an account of my work as printed in the issue of May 28, 1919, bearing the title: *Sister Ohio. A Memory of the Civil War.*

The speaker at the dinner was the Ohio Military Agent, head of the Ohio Soldiers' Aid Society. He told of the terrible suffering at Fredericksburg, and continued: "The conditions are worse than in the winter of 1862, when so many dead and wounded lay along the banks of the Rappahannock and the Army of the Potomac was so sorely pressed. Without going into the causes or blun-



ders which brought this, the fact is that by the river and in the city streets and on the floors of the houses our men are sick, wounded and suffering, helpless and dying. It is an awful condition there."

Strange talk for a dinner table, but it was a time of war!

"I am here to send down a relief party to do what it can for those poor, brave boys of ours," the Military Agent went on. "In our State, furloughs have been granted so that great numbers of our young men may leave business, and the Rev. Mr. Prugh, an Ohio clergyman of good standing, will be the head of the party. There is also ready to go one efficient woman; she will arrive to-morrow, but I cannot send one woman alone."

Turning to my mother he asked: "Will you go? You have had wide experience and could give most valuable help. Can you not go down with the party? And take your daughter along—she can help."

Because of a telegram she had received informing her of sickness at home, my mother was compelled to answer that her going was impossible.

"But you may send my daughter," she added, "and I will go as far as Acquia Creek with her to see, whether or not, she can be of any use."

It was no gala party on that transport which took us down from Washington to meet the train from Fredericksburg. There was nothing before





SISTER OHIO



us but work for suffering, dying men. It was understood from the first that hardly the ordinary courtesies of social life were to be observed. If women were to go into that kind of service, they were to be ready to do fully their part, and in no sense to become a burden to the men who were so greatly needed. This was understood.

Oh, what a procession that was from train to transport! Men hobbling, limping, staggering—each man able to help lending a hand to those utterly helpless. There were few stretchers; blankets, and even sheets, were used for carrying the men who could not walk. Wounded, sick, and faint, they reeled from the railway to the friendly boat, where they gladly lay down on the hard boards. A narrow pathway was left between the feet of the two rows of men packed closely together on the floor of the transport. The few doctors were indeed busy, and very quickly used my mother's practical knowledge of nursing and medicine. In the midst of groans, creaking of machinery, and swash of the river, and no one to direct her, what could a girl do? Only this: A pail was found and filled with water; then lips were moistened, dried rags soaked with blood around the wounds wetted, and bits of old flannel shirts, made to serve as temporary bandages, eased up by the water. Water! Water! Water! How the men on that hard floor, packed closely together, craved the comfort of it on face and hands and wounds!

“Good!” said the doctor, as he hurried by. “Now make some punch—can you? We must keep these fellows alive till we get them to Washington.” All through that night—long for the poor men but short to us who worked—we fought pain and death. Kneeling on the floor beside the men, one and another looked up as the comforting water or the spoonful of punch touched his lips, and said feebly, “Oh, bless ye! God bless ye!”

On reaching Washington our boat was quickly emptied. The men were lifted into ambulances and sent to the hospitals, but many were laid away in quiet rest at Arlington. We made ready promptly to return for another boat-load. “I shall be very pleased if you will spare your daughter to go down to the base of supplies with our party,” said the Military Agent, very cordially, to my mother. “All of them ask this, and Mr. Prugh, the leader, will take her under his wing.” And so I went to the Front.

There was no pretty nurse’s cap or white uniform to wear, but just plain, every-day clothes—a gingham dress and apron; no dainty and becoming white veil with a red cross over my forehead or on my arm. My distinguishing mark was simply a badge of red silk pinned on my left breast, on which were printed in gilt the words “Ohio Relief.” Thus I went down the Potomac under the special guardianship of my leader, whom I called Father Prugh. At Port Royal on the Rappahan-

nock, White House Landing on the Pamunkey, and, finally, at City Point, I had experiences of war which memory will never lose. How much was accomplished is a problem for the arithmetic of eternity!

The State of Ohio gave us stores of condensed milk, dried, toasted bread, crackers, sugar, canned fruits, jellies, and so forth, and our Practical State sent to each of us women a good umbrella, to be used against sun and rain. Away down within the boom—boom—boom of the cannonading, close to the Front, what could our party of untrained though willing people do? Surely, What could a mere girl really accomplish? Yet, after all, woman's work is made up of little things, and these "littles," put together, make the whole. So with that thought I worked.

Because of lack of army supplies, or because they were tied up with red tape, more poor fellows were brought wounded and helpless back from the Front than there were tents to cover them. On the grassy floor they were laid close together, with an orderly to care for them as best he could. When the tents were filled to the utmost, other men from the battle and rifle pits were left outside on the grass.

One very hot day a soldier lay with upturned face exposed to the pitiless heat of the Virginian sun. The bandages around his arm and leg were stiff and hard with blood. Was he black or white?

Dirt, powder, and sunburn made it difficult to determine. Was he dead or asleep? He did not move. To inexperienced eyes he did not seem to breathe even, but water on the rags about the wounds, water on his lips, water on his face and head, had the desired effect, and his eyes slowly opened. With such material as I could find in the vicinity, a little improvised tent was put up over his head, face and neck. One of the doctors, coming hurriedly by and seeing my attempt to protect the man from the hot sun, called out, "Bully for you, Miss Ohio! I'm awfully busy, but I'll try to come back and give you a little help with that fellow. Feed him some punch."

Among the wounded men lying in one of the tents another day—men recently brought from the very Front and waiting to get to Washington—was a soldier who called out, "Say, Ohio Relief, what's your name, please?" Pointing to my badge, I replied, "There's my name." "Well, Sister Ohio," said the soldier, "I am from that State too, and the worst of it is I am hungry, and the orderly has too much to do to bother with me. What are you going to do for a fellow who wants to eat and can't feed himself?" Both arms were shot through and he was helpless. I soon found that he was ready for bread-and-milk, and liked it better than anything else. So my supplies of crackers, toasted bread, and condensed milk were put to good use.

I fed my wounded Ohioan for several days, until he was carried to a Washington hospital.

Many months afterwards, this same soldier, in the uniform of a Major, with his left sleeve empty, called at my home in Ohio, and said: "You see, I found out your name and who you were. So I have come to thank you and to have some bread-and-milk with you. But you won't have to feed me this time."

Later, this soldier honoured me with the suggestion that I take bread-and-milk with him all his life!

Outside a tent, under the ropes which held it in place, lay a soldier-boy, groaning, and doubled-up with pain. "I'm just sorry for him, Miss Ohio," said the orderly, in a kindly voice, "but he can't be 'lowed in the tent; it's chuck full of wounded men now. He's got the cramps and he don't stay in one spot very long. He was over the other side until a few minutes ago. I'm too awful busy to 'tend to him." In my supplies were medicines for dysentery, and so I went to work. Careful feeding, regular medicine, a warm blanket on the grass, with the added oil of kindness, did the work, and in time the lone boy was in fair condition for the next boat-load to Washington.

When other duties to the suffering soldiers allowed a respite, Father Prugh held a short, in-

formal service of song and cheer, in each tent. Here a girl could really help.

Frankey was a Michigan boy. Our duty was first to the men of Ohio, and after that to any one else. The lad had been terribly hurt, shot through both arms and one leg, and his wounds were full of gangrene and vermin. Frankey had lied about his age and had run away from home to enlist. He was only a boy.

“Miss Ohio,” said the doctor, “that little fellow thinks he is to have a furlough and that he is to go home to his mother. But he isn’t. He’s going to die. Don’t make him feel badly—but—oh, well, do as you like.” The boy responded to every kindness and wanted “Sister Ohio” to take care of his precious possessions—green-and-yellow skein of sewing-silk taken at Fairfax Court-House, and a ring he had cut out of a nut when his leg had been hurt, but when he could still use his arm. He talked of his furlough and his mother and the Sunday School, and how glad he was that he had been in the fight. At last his mind was turned to the thought that, perhaps, he might not be able to go home to his mother; that his furlough was to be a very long one, and that in the Father’s house he would meet his mother and tell her how sorry he was that he had lied. At the service that Sunday afternoon he asked that we sing his favourite hymn. It may sound a bit old-fashioned now, but



the boy loved it—" *There is a happy land, far, far away.*" He tried to join in the singing; and when we sang the hymn—" *I have a Saviour in the Promised Land,*" he wanted us to go over it twice. Before the next boat-load was shipped to Washington, Frankey had entered into the Land where there is no war. He said "good-bye" that Sunday afternoon and gave me as a token of remembrance the tiny skein of silk; the other things I was to send to his mother. "Please, Sister Ohio," he said, "you tell her I am all right inside, and you are my sister, you know. Maybe I won't be here to-morrow, so will you kiss me 'good-bye,' 'cause my mother ain't here?" So I kissed him.

At the end of a row of men lying on the ground in one of the tents, one day, was a man so wounded that he had severe hemorrhages. "Don't waste any time on him, Miss Ohio," an orderly said. "He is a goner; he will never get to a hospital." The poor fellow knew it himself, all too well, but, as I sat by him, he said, "Will you write to my wife and tell her to make my children know that I gave my life for my country? I want my boy to know about his father. Tell them I thought of them." The story was written in full. I added a tiny lock of hair and a special message from the father to the boy who bore his name, and as I read it to the suffering man, his gratitude was expressed in a whispered "God bless you." As night came

on I gave him a verse of comfort and strength from God's Word, and as I left him he said, longingly, "Sister Ohio, please come here first in the morning, and if——." At the first break of the dawn I was there, but his place on the grass was empty. A sudden severe hemorrhage—and his spirit had been released. The body had been taken away, for there was no time for delay. I hurried to the cemetery. There were so many who had died in the night, and there was so much to do for those who were suffering, that there was no time for services. But as that body was laid underground, "Sister Ohio" was kindly allowed by the man in charge to have the spade of earth held for a moment while a verse and a short prayer were repeated.

When the Army base was moved to City Point, there was much delay in the arrival of the stores and goods. There were tents, but beds and blankets did not come until later. Our food was of the simplest sort for a day or two. Johnny, a drummer boy, detailed temporarily to the Christian Commission tent near by, all unseen, rolled in a can of peaches under the edge of the canvas of our tent, and later came peeping in to say, "Well, Sister Ohio, I'm from good old Bosting, but just you count on me if you need anything." When he went back to the Front, he asked for a little piece off the side of my blue-check apron as a memento of our friendly acquaintance. Many years,—yes,

very many years afterward—a bald, gray, bent man, worn and disabled, called to see me, and asked if I were Sister Ohio, and did I remember Johnny, the drummer-boy at City Point?

While it was true that at City Point we only had a tent, yet each of us had a big shawl, and there was a log for a pillow and a grassy floor to lie on. On the first night an officer came along at dusk and said: "There is a lady alone whom we want to accommodate. She has business with Headquarters. All we can do is to ask you ladies to take her in as your guest to-night." We gladly gave her a share of our log pillow, and I divided my warm shawl with her as a covering. It was dusk when she came, it was early dawn when she left. So our guest, Clara Barton, who later organized the American Red Cross, and was its first President, did not know who had been her hostess. Years afterwards, Dr. Amory Bradford, of Montclair, held a series of meetings in his church, giving one day to addresses on the work of women. There were three speakers—a lady from Boston, Clara Barton, and myself. With the permission of Dr. Bradford, I was allowed to introduce the speaker who followed me. I had never seen Clara Barton since the night we had spent together under my blanket-shawl at City Point. I told the story of the stranger who came to us that night in the tent, and then presented Miss Barton to the audience. With her cloak thrown back, showing

its gay lining, the medals on her breast flashing, and her face full of light and life, she extended her hand and, clasping mine, said: "I have often wondered who the girl was who gave me a part of her pillow and warm shawl, and I have always wanted to thank her for her hospitality, and to meet her again—and now I say, God bless you." The hearty cheers of that big audience one can never forget.

My evenings at the Front were all needed for writing letters—letters to mothers, wives, and sweethearts. One very warm night as I sat at my desk, which was the top of a packing box, writing by the light of a candle, the entrance-curtain of my tent was pushed back and a man, not a soldier, came in to have a social chat with my tent-mate, a widow. I was introduced; that was all. I had many letters to get off, and was not there for any social calls. Late that night, when my widow friend was out on some errand, a tap on my tent-pole roused me. "Who is there?" I asked. "What is wanted?" A man's voice replied, giving his name, and making it evident that he had utterly mistaken my character and my mission. My sharp reply was followed by my taking up a hatchet with which I had opened a box, and, clanging it down upon a pile of nails which lay there, saying, with a tone and emphasis which he could understand, "The first man who crosses the threshold of this

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tent will be a dead man." The vile creature did not walk away, he *ran*—with all his might.

For the first time in all her experiences at the Front "Sister Ohio" called upon the kind services of Father Prugh and the staff of royal young men with him. That midnight caller left for Washington the next day.

Furlough-time was up for some of the party; the widow had special business to attend to in Cincinnati; and so I went to my home in Cleveland, Ohio.

During the many years which have come and gone since the days of which I am now writing, I have received a few letters. One to myself, and one to my son, are added here:

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas,  
January 9, 1881.

DEAR MADAME: You are no doubt surprised at a letter from an old friend. I hope you have not forgotten your little soldier friend, who knew you down with the Army of the Potomac. I was of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers. After that I went into the Navy and was shipwrecked. Good-by, and God bless you is the prayer of your old friend,

"JOHNNIE DOYLE."

Treasurer's Office, Trumbull County,  
Warren, Ohio, September 10, 1903.

November 5, 1861, I enlisted in the 6th O. V. Cav. Re-enlisted January, 1864, and on May 28, 1864, was severely wounded at Erron Church or Hawes Shop, Virginia. The Army moved, and the sick and wounded

were sent to White House Landing on the Pamunkey River. Tents at the landing were put up for us soldiers, and well I remember your mother (then a young lady) with an older lady from Cincinnati, Ohio, going around among the soldiers looking for Ohio boys, as they were sent by the Ohio Relief to care first for Ohio soldiers. How well I remember boys from other States wishing they were from Ohio!

One day one of the boys from my regiment was walking around with his arm in a sling (he was wounded in the arm) and suddenly his arm began to bleed very bad. The boys called and one of our soldier nurses came and took him to the doctors who were amputating limbs. But soon the poor fellow came back, and such a look as he had when he said the doctors said he had to die, as mortification had set in and an amputation would do no good. I shall never forget that poor fellow's look. But he rapidly grew worse, and lay down upon the ground (we had no cots then) suffering very much. A doctor came in and the soldiers asked if he could not do something for him. The doctor replied: "My poor fellow, I can't do a thing for you." He soon died and was carried out for burial just as your mother came in. How she did hurry out to see if she was too late to get a lock of his hair to send to his wife and family with a letter! I wonder if she remembers it. The Army again had to move and change its base of supplies. The sick and wounded were put in transports. Another comrade and myself were put on the transport *Connecticut*, and your mother saw that our cots were placed side by side and she gave us a bottle of wine to keep our strength up during our trip to Washington.

Very truly yours,

J. A. SAGER, Treasurer.

## V

### LINCOLN

**A** GAIN, by the courtesy of *The Outlook* I am permitted to quote here the brief story of three views that I had of Abraham Lincoln. It was published with subdivisions, as follows:

#### *Picture Number One*

Lincoln was elected. On the next March he would take his place at the head of the nation. He came to Cleveland and with Mrs. Lincoln beside him received and greeted people. The bands played lustily, flags waved from every place where a flag could be fastened, and bunting was draped from window to window outside and inside the hotel.

"This reception is for the distinguished citizens," said my brother. "It will not look well for a girl to go."

"But Father has been here since Cleveland was a village, and everyone knows his record. Surely he is distinguished enough, and as his daughter I could go and I mean to go, and I am going to shake his hand."



In a blue dress, a red-haired girl with red, white and blue ribbons, was presented.

Taking my hand in his, Mr. Lincoln covered it with his other big warm hand and for an instant held it. Looking down as though he saw the funny side of it, a smile on that rugged, homely face, which made it handsome, he said: "Daughter, I am right glad to see you."

The rest of this memory is his turning me over to the little woman in hoops and tiny ruffles who stood beside him.

That girl was such a hero-worshipper that for days her right hand was kept wrapped up so that there would be no need to wash off the warm loving grasp of Mr. Lincoln.

### *Picture Number Two*

The Civil War was calling men and women to duty. "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong," sang the men. But there was need of women as nurses. That was before the day when well-equipped, trained nurses were ready for service. Among the many agencies for relief was one got up by the Ohio Military Agent. A party of Ohio men were to go to help as best they could under the leadership of an earnest, practical Methodist minister. One experienced woman was ready to go, and as one woman could not go alone I was added as a junior member of the group.



We had been tried at Acquia Creek, where the poor, bruised and broken men were brought from Fredericksburg after the battle on their way to Washington hospitals. Our party had been sent to several different points, where there was plenty of opportunity for all our ministry under the direction of the doctors in charge. We had been so close to the Front that we had heard the cannonading and had cared for the men, black from the rifle pits. At last our party were at City Point; our supplies did not arrive as quickly as had we. The barrels and boxes and bundles were on their way, so that the first night at the point we had only a tent. The grass was thick and clean, and could serve as bed and chair. Johnny, the drummer boy, rolled in a log saying: "Here's a pillow for you, Sister Ohio." At dusk a tap on our tent-pole showed us a caller. "Will you ladies take in Miss Barton for the night?" asked an officer. "There is no place for her to-night. She has business in the morning at Headquarters. We cannot place her as our supplies are not here."

We gave to Clara Barton a most cordial welcome. She slept beside me with the grass for a mattress, part of the log for a pillow, and half of my mother's big warm plaid blanket shawl for a covering. In the morning when she had gone I was standing at the tent-door looking out upon the scene of the camp activity when not far away, just good photographic distance, stood those two great

men, Lincoln and Grant, in earnest conversation. There were only a few flags flying and there was no music; no glimpse of a funny story on those strong, sad lips. The President looked as though he might have been awake a large part of the long night and in prayer. At a respectful distance from the two men stood a soldier, as motionless as a statue. They did not see me and I was careful not to move; but upon my heart and mind there is graven a picture in which every line of that face, that bent form, the earnest attention as he listened or spoke to the General near him, stands out to-day.

### *Picture Number Three*

The body of our martyred President was to rest in its journey to Springfield, Illinois, at Cleveland, Ohio. In the centre of the public square a pavilion was hastily erected, where the body would lie in state. Flags drooped at half-mast, bands rehearsed the saddest of sad music; a committee of young women, decorated with sashes of black, made up with busy fingers huge rosettes and trimmings of black and white cambric with which to make more pleasing the pavilion where the dead hero should rest. With drawn faces and many a sob the people came one after another to look upon that quiet form, wondering, wondering, who could guide the ship of state now that our captain had fallen? The city mourned, the nation mourned, and, to-day,

after all the years, we do not forget to love and praise and honour Abraham Lincoln.

This page in my personal history began with Lincoln. I close it with his ringing words—good for all time:

*“Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.”*

## VI

### THE WEDDING JOURNEY

**W**HILE living in Cleveland, Ohio, I attended a series of lectures one winter, of which my father, as a citizen, was very proud. During this lecture course I heard such eminent men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Holland, and Wendell Phillips, and feel, now, a certain distinction at having been permitted to listen to these great thinkers while others can only say they have read their works.

A different class of entertainment was offered that winter—a minstrel show—and I well remember its coming to town. The evening I attended was a special occasion, for I was, for the first time, escorted by a grown-up young man, the affair being in the early stages of what was then called “keeping company.” My pretty clothes were a satisfying addition to my dignity, but my red hair was a source of discontent. I was extremely sensitive about it. The conversation between the two black-faced comedians therefore struck a tragic note with me.

“Sambo,” said one, “has you heard tell how they lights the streets in this city?”



WILLIAM FOLWELL BAINBRIDGE



"No, sah," replied the other. "How does they?"

"Why, they puts all the red-headed girls on the corners."

"Well, I reckon that was a good idea."

"Yes, so it was, but they had to 'bolish it."

"How come they had to 'bolish it?"

"'Cause they found the policemen got to hug-gin' the lamp-posts."

This joke left me crimson of face. I felt that it was directed at me personally, and that I was the butt of every laugh in the house. I never *did* quite forget the humiliation of that evening.

In the Old First Baptist Church in Cleveland, in September, 1866, I was married to the Rev. William Folwell Bainbridge. The ceremony was performed by my Pastor, Dr. A. H. Strong.

We planned a wedding journey to the Far East, but it could not be arranged at that time of year, so had to be postponed. But in January, 1867, we started on a tour that was memorable from beginning to end. That year stands out as one most eventful in world history.

In France, Napoleon III was, apparently, at the height of his power and glory. He was looking forward to the great Fair in Paris as an added triumph, for at it he was to receive the crowned heads of Europe. We hurried on our journey in order that we might not miss the great occasion, the World's Fair that French taste and money com-

bined to make a notable affair. Upon reaching the city we found that Bismarck had arrived, and that other great men and royalties were coming in every day; the Sultan of Turkey was looked for, and was expected to be in full regalia.

Rushing with all my speed I reached the broad avenue, or small park near the railroad station. Some way, I do not understand how, I was allowed by the crowd to push my way to the very front.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Outriders, coachmen, attendants, were all in scarlet and gilt. The trappings of the white horses were scarlet, and they stood motionless, except for the swish of their tails, as rigid as the liveried men standing at the head of each.

In the glittering royal coach sat the Empress Eugenie all in filmy, white lace, her hair as fashion decreed, in two long ringlets behind her ears, while upon her head was set a coronet of diamonds.

Beside her in the coach the young Prince Imperial stood motionless, a straight boy figure in black velvet with priceless lace about his neck, waiting and watching in quiet dignity for the coming of his father, Napoleon III, and the Sultan of Turkey. When the royal party at last came in sight there was no lack of splendour in the view as His Turkish Majesty appeared in the full pomp and magnificence of an Oriental Potentate.

With the passing of events I see other pictures.



In 1871, Bismarck, always a secret enemy, finally accomplished the downfall of Napoleon. The beautiful boy-prince, barely reaching young manhood, was killed by savages in South Africa, in the Zulu War. Years afterwards, I saw the Empress Eugenie again. She was then a pathetic figure dressed in gray, bent and bowed, the marks of grief stamped upon her face.

There was a lapse of only two years between the splendid fête which I witnessed, in part, and the day on which Napoleon sent Eugenie the telegram that foreshadowed a tragic fate: "The army is defeated and taken. I am a prisoner."

We made as quick a journey as possible across the Mediterranean in order to reach Syria and Palestine before the rainy season. One experience of the heavy rains overtook us in our first horseback ride from Beirut over Mount Lebanon; we were soaked to the skin, but continued nevertheless and finally dried on the way.

At Beirut we engaged a dragoman, Abdallah Yusef, and arranged a double tour of the Holy Land, going down the coast by way of Lebanon, Sidon and Jaffa, thence to Bethlehem and below, returning through the interior by way of Nazareth, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Sea of Galilee, the beautiful land of Gennesaret, to Damascus, and again to Beirut.

Each night while we sat at dinner, after a busy

day, Abdallah would come to the tent door with the same salutation:

“You like?”

“Yes, very good,” we replied.

Invariably he would respond: “More better ebery day.”

This conversation was a by-word in our family for many years thereafter.

By way of steamer from Beirut we came to Smyrna, then through the Sea of Marmora and on to Constantinople, where we saw Turkish palaces and minarets and mosques, and caught glimpses of important festivals of the Moslem world. At the time of our visit there was a gathering of all the missionaries to Turkey, a most interesting event.

What we really considered our wedding journey, and for which we had been saving of both time and money, was the trip into Russia.

By rail we journeyed to St. Petersburg and Moscow, seeing much of this big country in passing. We visited palaces and rode in droskies and never tired of the wonderful cathedrals. Many a time we stood through the long Greek ritual of the Russian service and heard the marvelous music, hundreds of male voices in perfect tone and harmony without a single instrument to lead them, or join with them.

With the date of our sailing for home in mind, we began to think of returning by way of Germany, where we were to take steamer. By the time

we were ready to leave Russia our ready money was exhausted, except about ten dollars in currency. We felt quite secure in our unused letter of credit, and had no premonition of trouble until we presented it at a St. Petersburg bank to be honoured. Scanning the paper, the official shook his head. "It is perfectly good," said he, "but at the moment we are in controversy with the bank that issued it, and are cashing no more of their letters of credit until we are favoured with the apology which is due us."

The situation was preposterous, but our opinion and our arguments counted for nothing. The banker was obdurate even though we explained that our steamer passage was paid for, and it was necessary for us to leave. In our extremity we sought out the American Minister to Russia, but for some reason or other he could not give us a hearing. We were strangers in a strange land and knew no one from whom we could borrow, yet by some means we must get to Germany and leave by that steamer. My husband and I prayed, placing our difficulty before the Almighty. Then deciding that we would go on, we started by taking the little boat that runs between St. Petersburg and Kronstadt. It is a curious but no less veritable fact that no one on that trip demanded of us either a fare or a ticket. We went to Germany as the guests of the Captain. It was a strange and interesting incident.

When we boarded the steamer my husband was prepared to prove that we had an unused letter of credit, but the Captain, a German with kindly face, said he had no time to look at the papers. Apparently he noticed that I was troubled, for he stroked my chin and bade me "Sheer up." Then he gave an order to a steward who at once led the way to a stateroom on the upper deck—no doubt the Captain's own private room—and indicated that we were to take possession. Anticipating a voyage without food, my husband had brought some bread and bologna from St. Petersburg, saving, as he said, our small amount of cash to insure my having some corner to rest in, even if he had to sleep on deck. As we sat down in our cabin prepared to feast on this cold lunch there was a knock, opening the door we discovered our Russian attendant, who in sign language made it clear that the Captain wished to see me. I went with him, wondering, my husband following, and was ushered into the dining salon right up to the Captain's table. He rose and with great ceremony seated me in the place of honour at his right, amiably disposing of my husband farther down the table on the opposite side.

This courtesy was extended to us at every meal of the trip, and the Captain continued to be too busy to look at the papers or to listen to our story.

As the boat entered the winding approach to Lubeck the Captain invited me upon the bridge

with him, and just before we landed he said to us, for I had insisted that my husband should have the view also, in his German-English: "Before we say 'good-bye' I gif you mine portrait." The small picture of himself that he presented to me, I kept for many years, as a treasured souvenir.

My husband offered the bills that we had to partly pay for our passage, but the red-cheeked master of the steamer refused the money.

"Tank you—Tank you—but I take noddings," he said. "I keep the great pleasure of hafing you for my guest on this voyage."

In this manner were our difficulties smoothed. The rest was easy; Hamburg was but a short distance from Lubeck, and we there caught our steamer in time and sailed for America.

Thus ended our wedding journey.

## VII

### JAPAN AND CHINA

**F**ROM Providence, Rhode Island, on New Year's morning early the little party of father, mother and son, started in westerly direction for a journey around the world.

Flying across the continent in a luxurious Pullman, I thought of my mother's wedding journey to Cleveland fifty years before. By plodding stage coach and tiresome route she came to a typical primitive Western village, a handful of stores and scattered homes. On this same site I found a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, business-blocks and palatial residences, with giant industries as the mainspring of the whole. But beyond this, we had to pass other great cities, long stretches of prairie and the Rocky Mountains before we came to our seaport.

At noon, on February 18, we sailed from San Francisco on the *S.S. Gaelic*. In the course of the voyage the calendar went wrong—or so it seemed to the small boy. He found that while we went to sleep on the night of Saturday, March 1, when we awoke the next morning it was Monday, March 3. Sunday, March 2, had, in some strange way,

been lost overboard and never seen again! It took him a long time to understand just how this happened.

At daybreak on March 11 the port of Yokohama ran up the American flag in honour of the arrival of the mail steamer, and we hurried on deck for the first glimpse of Fujiyama, the peerless mountain of Japan.

A cold wind and sharp dampness chilled us as we stood there, but discomfort was forgotten in the grandeur of the sight, the great cone in the distance, its cap of white touching the floating clouds.

Before I left Japan I had a closer acquaintance. One day we undertook the pilgrimage to Hakone Lake. My husband and son walked, but I was carried by four bearers in a sort of hammock up and around the mountain and to the foot of Fujiyama. The glory of the spot filled us with awe; its colours dazzled; green shrubbery and pink cherry blossoms were reflected in the placid lake; and beyond, against a sky of deep blue, towered the majestic, mysterious mountain, three hundred and sixty-five feet high—all purple below and white above.

The jinrikisha left no doubt that we were in a foreign land. Certainly there was nothing like it at home. Into a tip-tilted buggy I climbed and my steed, knotting a handkerchief about his head, took up the shafts and wheeled me briskly and evenly to our destination. Man-power was then the only mode of conveyance in the country, except one



short railroad line which ran from Yokohama to Tokyo. All travel was by jinrikisha, and in case of a long journey, such as the one we took of three hundred miles, there was a system of relays, one man relieving another at stations along the route.

At the time of our visit, Japan was just entering her era of transformation. The old regime had not passed away, but was losing its grip. The Shogun was the ruler of the country—the Mikado never seen. Audiences were granted with him, but with a curtain between, the feet of the great man, visible below it, being the only evidence of his presence. Feudalism was the prevailing custom; the lord, or Daimio, living in a pretentious dwelling within a court that was surrounded by the homes of his retainers, the Samurai. This outer square of homes made an unbroken wall, except for the big gate that opened into the court. It meant protection to the Daimio and was, in fact, his fortress.

Modern civilization forced the closed doors of Japan, the hermit nation, and Christianity awaiting its opportunity entered in the person of Dr. Verbeck, and others.

During our stay in Tokyo we had a Christian Japanese to vouch for our good conduct, it being compulsory, at this time, for all foreigners to be represented by a native. We were thus assured safety and granted many privileges. I recall the name of our stopping place in Tokyo as being



Nijuniban Sudzukicho Surungadai. We were invited to the home of a missionary friend; but reversing custom we took possession as hosts while the owner remained as our guest.

Another missionary friend welcomed us in Kyoto. No one in the field is better known than Joseph Neesima. As a boy he ran away to America, was educated, graduated from college, became a Christian and returned to his country to devote his life to his own people. Once being offered a position with the government he replied: "I have a call to duty from a Higher King than any earthly potentate." His chosen work was the Doshisha, an educational institute. While we were there my husband talked to the students on how to live, in Japan, the life of a true Christian.

In Kobe we met other noted missionary workers. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick took us into their home. The parents of this gentleman were the first to introduce Christianity into the Sandwich Islands. They joined their son in Japan after their work in the Pacific islands was completed. I remember how interesting was the talk concerning the early days of Hawaii. The conversion of the queen of the islands was related, and many stories of her friendly acts towards the Christians and of her earnest efforts to abolish idolatry among her subjects were told.

As there were no European hotels in Japan in those days, our abiding places were provided alto-

gether by the courtesy of the missionary workers. It was to their homes that we were escorted in every city we visited. Only rarely did we find ourselves at the tender mercies of the Japanese inn; but I must tell of one in the small town of Goyu where we stopped for a night.

The front was so plastered with signs welcoming the guest and advertising the good fare within that its original style of architecture was quite lost. Presumably, it was of the usual flimsy bamboo construction. Presenting our viséed credentials, issued in Tokyo, and inspected at the local police headquarters, our landlord three times bowed to the floor, shook his own hands, and smiled a broad greeting. The best room, opening on the garden in the rear, was at our disposal and we removed our shoes and entered in stocking-feet. As the evening was cool the *hebachi* or firebox was placed in the center of the room and hot tea was immediately served. It was plain that we need expect no privacy. At any moment, without knock or announcement, the partition would slide and the landlord or a servant enter. Dropping on his knees with forehead to the floor he would ask our demands, then vanish noiselessly to satisfy them. When we sat down to eat, the landlord, his brother and children came in and sat in a row on the floor watching us by the light of candles set in tall, iron candlesticks. After entertaining the gathering for an hour we signified that we were ready for bed

and our *futons* were laid, a futon consisting of one comfortable for a mattress and one for a covering. The candlelight was replaced by the flicker of a burning wick in a saucer of oil, and in that glimmer we slept, our preparations for the night having been watched, as we were aware, by a number of eyes that peered through cracks in the thin paper partition.

Before we were dressed in the morning the door slid back and the friendly voice of the landlord called in greeting: "Ohi-yo." Following the salutation a maid entered, who rolled up the beds and directed us to a wooden bucket of hot water and a brass basin on the floor of the verandah, which we understood was our more or less stationary wash-stand.

While we bathed our faces in turn we could hear a series of giggles and could see bright eyes watching us from every room that opened upon that verandah. It was plain that we were objects of merriment as well as curiosity. We learned that no one was expected to feel any delicacy about his daily tub, and while we were at the inn it was not unusual to see someone come out of the public bath which was in the middle court and without a shred of garment pass to his own apartment.

From Kobe we were carried by steamer to Shanghai, and up the coast to the beautiful port of Chefoo. We received the heartiest of welcomes from Dr. and Mrs. Nevius, our cousins, and their

house was ours for many weeks. These two veteran missionaries are known well, both by their works and writings. China was their permanent home and they introduced into that country many Western ideas. It was Dr. Nevius who improved the native pear by the American procedure of grafting. The original fruit was more like a turnip than a pear, but after his cultivation it was as mellow and juicy as the variety to which we are accustomed in the homeland. The process of grafting was watched with interest by the Chinese, and only too eagerly copied when they saw the result of the experiment.

Many invitations came to us urging a visit to Tientsin and Peking. In the latter place we found warm friends at the Congregational centre, Dr. and Mrs. Blodgett, and one of my old schoolmates, and others who entertained us, in real Chinese fashion, each guest having his own little house in which he could be as independent as he wished.

In my *Jewels From the Orient* I have written a full account of the practice of foot-binding in China. I witnessed the suffering of the little girls as they endured the torture for the sake of being ladies and was permitted to see the deformed foot of an adult woman. To-day there is much less of it, and my heart gives praise to God that this cruelty is less practiced because the Christian truth came into the land.

Of all that we did and saw in Peking I will note

here only an experience that happened by special privilege as a favour to the American Consul, Mr. Seward.

Stories of the Black Dragon's Pool had been told me, and my great desire was to visit the place. With Mr. Seward we left the city on horseback and crossed the rough country. At the village nearest the sacred spot we were peremptorily stopped with the command: "You cannot enter. The priests are praying for rain." One of the inhabitants told us that they were dragging an idol through the streets telling it: "Now your eyes are full of dust, you can know how it is with us."

After awhile we were allowed to go on and our horses climbed the hill to the Temple. A group of holy men in Buddhist robes regarded us gravely and the chief priest allowed us to dismount. Finally we stood at the edge of the Black Dragon's Pool, where, according to superstition, the creature lived who could bring misfortune and who must constantly be appeased by prayers and gifts. However, we saw nothing of the dragon.

The Consul-General left us and returned to Peking and his official duties, and we entered the Temple and made arrangements to spend the night. No one had ever heard of a woman sleeping in that holy place, but our profane presence was tolerated, more readily because a substantial fee went with it. Hot rice was served us for supper, and then my bed was made ready—that is, a

matting was laid upon the stone slab, and upon this uninviting couch I stretched to sleep if I could. It was a night to be remembered. Three great idols with three eyes apiece stared down upon me, the moonlight flickering across their stony countenances and working weird changes in their expression, or, at least, so it seemed to me as I watched them through the long, wakeful hours.

We were glad to go on again with the first light of morning. Our destination was the Great Wall of China, one of my earliest ambitions, and all day I anticipated it as our mule-litters carried us to Nankow and up the rocky, slippery Nankow Pass. Lord Macartney called the Wall "the most stupendous work of human hands." Dr. Johnson said it was an honour for any man to say that his grandfather had seen the Great Wall of China.

These wise reflections and the thought of the great honour I was bringing to my grandchildren comforted me during the long night. We decided to sleep upon the Wall and dismissed our mule-litters to find shelter at the village two miles beyond.

It was a romantic experience, that of imagining ourselves alone, camping out upon that historic structure under the stars. But we soon became aware that we were *not* alone. Our peace was invaded by an army of sand-flies that viciously attacked us as if we were a banquet set for their feasting. We could not remain still long enough

to rest, but walked about all night, wrapped in blankets, fighting off the swarm of pests. When dawn scattered them we realized that we had spent a night on the Great Wall of China, but whether we would afterwards remember it with pleasure, was a question.



## VIII

### SHANTUNG AND GENERAL GRANT

**T**HE birthday feast of the god, Yu Hwang, had been celebrated with great noise and many banners. The immense crowds had gone to their homes, and Temple Hill, Chefoo, was fairly quiet. But to please the other idols, a continuous performance of a week's vaudeville was carried on by the faithful. Whether the idols were pleased or not, no one could tell—except the priest. Stolid and wooden, with no change of expression on their dumb faces and slanting eyes, they sat there while the actors performed, from eleven in the morning to eleven at night.

Suddenly, the startling news was told and carried from mouth to mouth—there were no newspapers in Shantung—that the Great Chief of the Land of the Flowery Flags, on his journey around the world, was to visit Cheefoo. The Tao-Tai would entertain and honour him. Flags and fireworks and banners would be in great demand. The famous Chief would be impressed, of course, for there is no land so ancient as China, no country with such a history, no province owns such a personage as the wise and holy Confucius, who was



born there. Most surely the American General must be glad to visit Shantung.

The Dragon and the Stars and Stripes waved together in most friendly fashion. The beautiful bay at Cheefoo was bright with colour; the English and French and Dutch added their flags as a welcome to the American visitor. Red carpet covered the steps of the jetty; red, white and blue bunting was wound about the pillars from which the American flag waved in the breeze. The pavilion of welcome was decorated with flowers and flags. Between lines of soldiers in gay uniforms, standing at attention, the guard of the Tao-Tai carried twenty immense banners, and marched in front of the Sedan chair in which General Grant was carried. The Commissioner of Customs, an English gentleman, lived in the most beautiful and spacious bungalow in the town overlooking the bay. Nearby, was the smaller house and larger grounds of the Tao-Tai. Money and the responsibility of hospitality to the notable guest were given by the Tao-Tai to the English gentleman. After the dinner-party of the diplomat a reception was to follow.

The Great Chief could not stay long—only that one evening. Could I obtain an invitation to the reception? That was my anxious question. I was not a diplomat, nor a citizen, not even a missionary, but just a plain visitor, a traveller, spending a few weeks with Cousin John in Cheefoo. But

Cousin John had special influence in Shantung, for he had done much to help the Chinese.

Coolies, wearing on their arms the colours of my nation, carried me to the entrance in a chair decked with small American flags. What a fairy-land it was that beautiful summer evening! Chinese lanterns twinkled brightly from every branch and shrub, from over the gateways and around the arbours and along the hedges. Below the terrace, a display of lights and fireworks was carried on, which made a startling addition to the brilliancy of the picture. Cousin John had no time to give me any attention; nor was it necessary. There was no lady hostess for there were no Chinese women to be seen—no maid with cap and gown, only men, men, men.

I stepped out onto the broad verandah, which was built on three sides of the bungalow, and enjoyed the whole scene, within and without. Lights hung everywhere on the spacious piazza. At one corner, as though seeking a quiet and darker place, stood our host, the Tao-Tai, silent and still as a statue. His tasseled hat was pushed back; the gown he wore was embroidered in every colour, with figures and reptiles of every sort and kind, the like of which were never seen "on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." His long finger-nails and clenched fists were hidden in the folds of his big sleeves. Closely and silently he watched every movement of the dancing which

the few younger people were enjoying in one part of the bungalow. When the young men put their arms around the waists of those girls who wore the customary low-necked dresses, and whirled them to the music as they waltzed, I seemed to catch the thought of that "heathen Chineese," whose face wore a "smile both childlike and bland," and which never came off. He watched the dancers and I watched him. Nothing but the champagne moved him from his post. He was ready to drink to the health of any one, and there seemed no lack of gentlemen to help him.

A few English ladies were chatting with Mrs. Grant. Through another window, the guest of the occasion, our honoured and beloved General Grant, cigar in hand, dignified, quiet, simple in manner, surrounded by Mandarins and officials, with Cousin John acting as interpreter, could be seen clearly.

In the small hours of the morning, with his ships ablaze with light and colour, General Grant and his party bade "good-bye" to Cheefoo. Many fireworks were set off to make sure that no evil spirits should work him harm.

In Shanghai I met General Grant again. Colonel Fred was master of ceremonies and took special pains that an American lady and her young son should have as good an opportunity to meet his honoured father as any of the English or French

people who crowded the club-house, where the reception was held.

General Grant laid a kindly hand on the head of the boy. "You are an American, I see, and love the American flag,"—which the boy wore pinned on his breast. He said, "What are you going to be when you are a man?"

"It would be great to be a General," was the boy's reply.

With a smile on his face and his hand still resting on the lad, General Grant replied, "But remember, that you have a good many rungs of the ladder to climb; yes, and when you get there it isn't worth much after all."

## IX

### IN BURMA

**I**N Shanghai one name of the many friends stands out by itself, Dr. Yates from the Sunny South of America, who went to China in the early days and whose stories of that time are of great interest. He and his wife, a royal lady, entertained us during our stay in that city. From Shanghai we made our way to Amoy, where I visited the Reform Church Mission; then to Foochow, the great centre of that part of China, with its million people, its many industries, its large and successful mission work. Linger here a few days we went to Swatow and made our home with Dr. Ashmore, another leading missionary of very wide experience and achievement.

We moved on to Canton and the city was made doubly interesting to us by the kind attentions of members of the Southern Society whom we found there. These experiences are covered in my *Round-the-World Letters*.

The beauty of Hong Kong held us for awhile, and then on to Singapore. A pastime of the natives that greatly amused our boy as indeed it did everyone else on board, was the diving for coins.

Head-first the Malay youngsters would plunge into the sea after the flashing bits of silver thrown by the passengers, and come up with the coin between their teeth.

In Singapore, also, the boy never tired of watching the wild monkeys scampering about in the woods and hanging by long tails from the branches of the trees.

We looked forward eagerly to reaching Burma, and our steamer in course of time and tide landed us at Moulmein. There was a large mission school for girls here called the "Tike" which had for its head one of my schoolmates of Ipswich—not only a friend, but one who had been a member of our family for a number of years. Glad as we at the reunion, Aunt Mattie showered hospitality upon us, took the boy to her heart, and literally gave him the freedom of the school. After the preliminaries of getting acquainted he spent much of his time there, making friends with the pupils, learning the stories of Buddha and the strange superstitions of a religion unlike his own. He thought that even the moon seemed different, it swung low to the earth, he felt he might reach it if only he could stretch his arm a little farther.

Among the other scholars was a Burmese girl named Mah Loo, with whom he came to be friends. The memory of her recalls Rudyard Kipling's lines:

*“ By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin’ eastward to the  
sea,  
There’s a Burma girl a-settin’ and I know she thinks  
o’ me;  
For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple  
bells they say:  
‘ Come you back, you British soldier; come you back  
to Mandalay!’ ”*

And the soldier’s girl whose “petticoat was yaller” and whose “little cap was green” could not have been any prettier than Mah Loo in her bright plaid skirt and white jacket, her long, dark hair coiled about her head and her ears adorned with flowers.

Although herself a Christian, Mah Loo remembered the teachings of her grandfather who died a faithful Buddhist. She came often to the old pagoda and listened, as did the real worshippers, to the music of the silver temple-bells that her grandfather and others had hung there in the hope of adding merit to their souls.

In Burma it was a great delight to the boy to watch the elephants at work. They were trained to pile the lumber that drifted down the river, and any day they might be seen following the lead of one big beast, catching the logs with their trunks and rolling and pushing them in a row, fairly straight, clumsily making it straighter where necessary. The keeper told us how they also kept tally and when his estimate of the number of logs happened to be wrong, the leader would reach over his



shoulder and tap his ear. But this we took strictly as a joke.

On one of the inland trips we had opportunity to ride the elephants. Each one of our party mounted one and, with the driver in front, sitting almost on the head of the animal, we marched in procession. In the improvised houdah we sat very comfortably upon the broad backs and were much amused at the methods of the drivers. Each carried a large knife, called a dah, with the dull back of the implement whacking the elephant into action, or with the sharp edge punishing him for any display of temper. Guiding was also done in an original fashion—the bare toes of the driver tickled right and left under the ears of the elephant in whichever direction the animal was desired to go.

It is pleasant to remember a Sabbath we spent some miles inland. On the Saturday night of our arrival we were settling ourselves to sleep on the floor of the chapel behind a curtain, when a “hurrah” from outside brought us wide-awake to the door. A group of native boys had ridden up from the rice fields on elephants, and when we appeared they shouted: “The missionary teachers have come!” We were glad enough to receive them, and the next day returned the call, visiting the homes in the neighbourhood and getting better acquainted. On Monday morning as we were leaving there were the boys and the elephants again



begging us to promise to come down to a school in Moulmein before we went away.

The elephant figured in another episode on one of our trips to the interior. We rode to a chapel service one morning and while inside we fastened our huge beast by a hind leg to one of the supporting posts. Growing impatient at being kept waiting, he pulled vigorously on the ropes and for a few anxious moments we fully expected the frail structure to come down on our heads.

Our rides in bullock carts must not be forgotten, and we all agreed that this experience would prove a sure cure for indigestion if practiced systematically.

Some animals of this Eastern land are highly venerated. There was a vicious dog at one station where we stayed, and our small boy was cautioned not to molest him as the dog sheltered the transmigrating soul of a former friend of the village.

At another place it was an evil-looking cat that we were warned against, which was said to hold the soul of the child of a woman who as a worthy Burman and Buddhist had performed merit thoroughly, having given water to passersby, sent money to the temple, carried flowers and fruits to Buddhist priests; above all, she had donated a clock and every tick of it ticked merit to her soul. After learning all that, we really had little inclination to molest the cat.

Our itinerary provided for a trip to Southern

India, but as I was not physically able to make it, my husband left the boy and myself in care of Mrs. Ingalls, a veteran missionary stationed at Thongzai. As soon as she heard of our changed plans our friend quickly wrote, "Come and stay with me and bring the boy." She met the train at the railway station and took us under her warm wing; she had been a dear friend of my mother and for this additional reason she lavished love and cordiality upon us. Awaiting him on the porch of the bungalow, the boy found a pet monkey that Mrs. Ingalls had hired from a native for the express purpose of amusing her young guest.

Here, again, we found the elephants and we would watch during the extreme heat of each day a line of them being taken to the river for their bath.

Finally, we said good-bye to all our friends in Burma and took steamer at Rangoon for Calcutta. A group of young native people came to the pier to see us off, with parting gifts of flowers and fruit—strong-backed girls bearing baskets upon their heads, and boys with great bunches of bananas.

We all stood and sang together the English words familiar enough to them all: "*We shall meet beyond the river.*"

Our last look of the shore was upon this picturesque circle of bright faces and gay colours—friends in an Eastern land all sending us on our way with real affection in their hearts.

## X

### INDIA AND EGYPT

**A**T Calcutta we were entertained at the missionary home on Dhurum Tolla Street, and here we made headquarters.

I will not repeat our experiences in this part of India as my book *Round-the-World Letters* has a good account of them. I cannot, however, pass without a word of Taj Mahal, although it has been so often described in works of travel that it needs no introduction from me. Of the three views of this magnificent Moslem monument—early morning, noon and moonlight—I cherish the last as the most beautiful. The exquisite proportions of the marble dome and minarets seemed to float in air without foundation. I left the city of Agra carrying this vision with me.

We visited Benares, the holy city of India. The sacred monkeys of the Temple greatly amused the boy and he stopped to wonder at the ceremony of kissing the tail of the sacred cow by devout worshippers. The bathing in the Ganges claimed our attention. We learned that the ghauts were resting places for those waiting to have their faces anointed with sacred ashes from the fire or

manure from the holy cow. The Well of Knowledge, which was really a cesspool for the Temple, was visited by all the pilgrims, and some of the faithful put the water to their lips. Down the river drifted corpses of the faithful who had been partially burned at the sacred fire. The Hindus believe that whoever dies within ten miles of Benares will have a special passport into the spirit-world. Within this distance there are many homes of the wealthy built to insure safe entrance into eternal life.

Cawnpore, Lucknow and Delhi I will also simply mention as stopping points of our journey, as they are covered in my former book.

We came one day to a dak-bungalow, an inn under government control, and there we proposed spending the night. Upon arrival we were handed a book containing lists of our requirements, one column in native language, the other an English translation. It was only necessary to check anything that we wished and the desire was carried out. We marked off the items for supper and indicated our sleeping arrangements, then made the sign for an open fire.

While we sat before the blaze we were surprised to hear a man's voice lustily singing: "*Yankee Doodle came to town riding on a pony.*" On a tour of investigation the boy and his father started and presently I heard a hearty laugh and then they came back bringing our good Methodist missionary



THE BOY AND HIS SISTER



friend, Dr. Baldwin of Foochow, China. He and his family were on their way to America, and we were glad next day to join forces and travel with them as far as we could. Our route took us to Bombay.

From that city my son and I went on alone, while my husband was to take the trip up the Persian Gulf and begin a thousand-mile horseback journey to the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, to rejoin us in Syria.

Crossing the Indian Ocean the boy became interested in some chess players, Austrian army officers, handsome and good-natured, who apparently had no objection to being watched. They invited the boy nearer and one of them carefully explained the moves and the names of the pieces, finally asking if he would not like to join them. Without saying that he knew the game, the boy sat down and played and greatly to the surprise of the young men, beat them. After that he was kept at the chessboard most of the trip.

When we landed at Suez we were obliged to wait a day for the train to Cairo. Our trunks, left upon the platform, were at once set upon by a party of Arabs, and it looked as if they meant to take what they wanted for their own use. With a small American flag in his hand the boy stood guard over our property while I went to find the American Consul. When I returned with the proper protection the boy and the flag were still on

guard, the Arabs having kept at a respectful distance.

The Baldwins had preceded us to Cairo, and upon our arrival at Shepherd's Hotel we found that we were already registered. In the great entrance hall of the hotel Dr. Baldwin had written on the guest-blackboard among the important personages, "Baroness de Providence and Son." Waiters bowed low as we entered. At dinner I was ushered to a special table reserved for titled people, and the boy and I sat next to an English lord, while the Americans were put at a table by themselves. In the course of dinner the near-sighted nobleman leaned over the dish to pass it to the boy till his nose almost touched it. Intent on being very English, the boy ate his fish properly with two forks and put his own nose down close to the dish in passing.

We left Cairo by train and found the breeze that finally caught us most refreshing after the heat of the desert and the Red Sea. The boy and I had a compartment to ourselves, and I took off my hat and put it on the rack—suddenly the breeze swept in like a gale, and out of the window whirled my headgear. It was a matter of conjecture where it landed. I am wondering if I shall some day discover it in a museum labeled—a valuable relic of an ancient dynasty dug up in the sand of the Sahara.

With my red hair given added brilliancy by a



turban hastily fashioned out of a bright coloured kufiyeh that I happened to have in my bag, we arrived in Alexandria.

On the train we met a Roman Catholic priest from Tennessee, who became much attached to the boy, and talked with him a good deal. He was also one of our fellow-passengers on the steamer for Beirut, and still kept the boy with him. When the boat stopped at Port Said a heavy storm overtook us and it was considered unsafe to attempt to reach Jaffa. The priest suggested that we go on shore for a walk, and taking us to a little Roman Catholic Church in Port Said, he explained the meaning of the candles, the holy water and the various symbols and forms of the service. The last night on board the steamer before we landed at Jaffa, the priest prayed with the boy for a long time and left a few drops of water on his forehead. In bidding me "good-bye" he said: "Madam, I love your boy and I believe that he yet, and I trust you also, will come into the true faith."

## XI

### BEIRUT

**F**ROM Beirut one can see the Mediterranean, the mountains of Lebanon, small settlements clinging to the sides, almost to Damascus.

This city was selected for our period of waiting for my husband, who, as I have already stated, had left us in India to take a long horseback tour to Nineveh and Babylon. We had missionary friends here, and also because of the wonderful Beirut College, built and supported largely by American money. A small school kept by the widow of an English officer was available for our boy where he found comrades of his own age—children of the missionaries—to study and play with.

Our boarding house was unique and interesting. From the street to the door were seventy-six steps. Round and round one had to climb to reach the entrance, but from the top, the sight paid for the exertion. Our corner-room overlooked the bay and the mountains, and the noise of the Arabs was far away.

The opposite corner was occupied by an English lady and her daughter, two years older than the

boy, but they were good playmates. The mother had been brought up in England under such hard restrictions that she determined to go to the other extreme with her daughter. The girl, therefore, was given every liberty she demanded. She had no governess and went about unchaperoned. She and the boy often took rides together on the same donkey.

I found the mother interesting in everything except her religious views, which were extreme High Anglican, but we had many pleasant talks together. She would often come into our room on Sunday nights, when I would be playing hymns for the children to sing, and once she said: "Oh, I do wish I could see things as you do. I wish I could feel as you do."

Our landlady was a type of the mixture of races—a woman who had had an English mother, a Greek father, and remote ancestors from Italy and France. She was quite proud of her lineage and liked to talk about it. Generally she was kind, but we knew that her violent temper sometimes broke bounds. Once she came to my lovely corner-room and, placing on the table a handsome lamp, said: "I will leave this with you instead of anyone else because I think you will enjoy it." It was one of her choice possessions, and we promised to be careful with it. As I was going out I warned my son and his playmate not to stay in the room because something might happen to the won-

derful lamp. When I returned later I found the door locked and heard excited whispers within. Demanding admittance, the boys let me in, and fearfully showed me the wreck of the landlady's lamp. They had played outdoors as I had told them to, but their ball had gone through the window and shattered the precious possession upon the table.

What was to be done? We thought of the terrible rage that would fall upon us, and the boys knelt and prayed for a miracle. While we talked it over our English neighbour came in and heard the story. In a minute she was out of the house, running down the long flight of steps, and while we were still wondering she returned with an Arab who carried a big bundle. Breathlessly she unwrapped and presented to us the counterpart of the landlady's lamp. As the boys thanked her vociferously she said: "I had to help answer that prayer. I happened to know just where I could find the duplicate of that lamp, and I believe it is the only one in Beirut."

Leaving Beirut after a long stay, we journeyed to Athens and then to Munich; lingering in its vicinity for several weeks, after which we journeyed on to Paris.

The Champs Elysees proved a great attraction to the boy for along its way was a line of Punch and Judy shows of which he never tired. To encourage his walking instead of riding on the 'bus

the length of the avenue from our pension near the Arc de Triomph, I had been paying him small amounts, so he felt he had earned the money which he spent for the Punch and Judy entertainment. Before we left he had saved enough to buy a full set of the funny figures, and afterwards learned to manage them very cleverly. When we got home he would often give the show to small and intimate audiences.

Our journey 'round the world, here and there, filled with experiences never to be forgotten, took two good years. It was not like the journeys of nowadays where speed is the important factor, with fast-going ships and fast-going trains rushing from place to place, seeing little or nothing at all, and back again in a hurry. We took our travels leisurely, stopping and looking about and studying wherever we visited. We saw quite a good deal of missions and came home knowing that we had learned much and enjoyed every minute of our journeyings.

We took steamer from Liverpool, and on board the liner our boy became great friends with a very tall Chinaman, called the Chinese Giant. The attraction was mutual and they had long walks together on deck. The Captain had also shown an interest in the boy, and upon arrival in New York harbour he gave orders that this small passenger should be the first off the ship. So, before any

others were allowed ashore, the boy darted down the gangplank, his face eager under the Scotch cap with ribbons floating out behind, to meet for the first time in two years the little girl, his adopted sister, who stood waiting on the pier. It might be supposed that after such an absence her greeting would have been: "How big you are!" or at least a hearty "Hello." Instead of that she asked: "Willie, can you spell significant?" With enthusiasm he replied: "You ought to see my Chinese giant!"

The girl had been in care of the scholarly grandmother who had drilled her well in reading and spelling. The boy had learned by contact and observation. He had seen life on the Tokiado and at stations had sung with me in Japanese, "*Jesus loves me, this I know.*" He had trained a squad of Japanese school-boys and made kites with them. In various strange countries he had mixed in the boy-life, understood the customs of many people, so far as his young mind was capable of understanding them, but he could *not* spell "significant."

## XII

### WARWICK NECK

**T**AKING my story backwards, I will say that at the time of our wedding journey my husband was pastor of a church in Erie, where he had done some especially fine work among young men. Soon after our return from this trip he was called to the Central Baptist Church in Providence. My part in the church-work was largely in the Sunday school. There, in one corner of the room, I taught a Bible Class with sometimes as many as one hundred girls present, nearly all of them workers in the mills so numerous in that part of New England. I kept in touch with the girls and we had social evenings. Through the ministry of the class many of the girls were brought into the church. It was an eventful ten years we passed in Providence, during which two great griefs came to me—the death of my baby-girl and of my mother. A little share of unexpected honour also came to me. It must be remembered that at this time women's clubs were just beginning to be organized, the one started in Providence being a follower of the first club of Boston,



and endeavoured to keep to the high standards set by its leader. The scope was purely literary, and discussions were held upon books and topics of the hour. I was invited to give a talk on the then new book, *Daniel Deronda*. Modestly I may say that so well did I expound the doctrines of George Eliot that I was unanimously elected the vice-president of the club, no slight favour in view of the representative women who composed its membership.

In Providence my son was born, and was given the name of his father. This male heir prompted us to study up the genealogy of the line. Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, had called upon us and claimed relationship, and looking up English history we found that once a man named Bayn won laurels by capturing and holding a bridge and was designated Bayn of the Bridge. We like to think he was our ancestor. However, we are sure that Commodore William Bainbridge, who became famous in the War of 1812, was of our family.

Visiting my father in Cleveland one summer, I met with an accident which almost ended my own life. Returning to Providence I was sent to Warwick Neck, Rhode Island, for the salt air's help in regaining my strength. One day I was taken to ride by a wealthy friend who had recently purchased an investment in the shape of a valuable





WARWICK NECK



tract of land. Some acquaintances whom we met expressed an interest in the property and my host astonished me by making an important announcement.

"All take notice!" he said, "I hereby give to Mrs. Lucy S. Bainbridge one acre of this land, provided she builds a cottage on it this summer."

Later, the necessary money was given me by my father and the house was built. For a long time we regularly spent our summers there. The cottage with its vine-hung piazza was always a joy, and we made it our resting place after each busy year of work in Providence.

To this house we had always turned in the two years of our journeying around the world. It was our haven of peace and possession, and the thought of it filled us with eager anticipation. The boy, especially, was happy at the prospect of returning, and much of his talk on the steamer was of plans he intended to carry out on our acre of land.

So with the landing of the steamer we all set out for Warwick Neck, to our cottage on the hill overlooking Coweset Bay.

At last we stood upon the piazza under the wistaria vines and gazed upon the lovely scene. Close by, on Coweset Bay, stretched Oakland Beach. Farther along was Button Wood Beach, and beyond that East Greenwich. In the other direction on Narragansett Bay was a distant

view of the towers of the pavilions of Rocky Point, a resort that drew daily hundreds of pleasure-seekers hungry for a Rhode Island clambake. At the end of the neck of land where the two bays met was a lighthouse, and on the narrow strip were the summer homes of the wealthier residents.

In the summer following my world-journey I found that many friends of Foreign Missions wanted to hear my direct testimony, and my impressions of the work to which their money and prayers had been given.

I gave a talk at the annual meeting of a well-known society in a distant city, and after that had many calls to speak at churches, clubs and mission bands, all anxious for the fresh and new facts that I had been able to gather.

I remember coming to New York to a delightful home which occupied a site that is now used for a private garden, on Madison avenue between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth streets, and being greeted by the warm grasp and smile of my hostess, the charming lady so affectionately known as Mother Dodge. One room of that house was for a time considered mine, and I came to know all of its rooms—the library, filled with books and pictures and portraits of sons and sons' sons, the easy chairs before the glowing fire. I remember the motto that the head of the house had had hung in the sitting-room and the guest-room, and which he

always carried in his vest pocket. I must repeat the verse here. The lines are as follows:

*“ Build a little fence of trust around to-day;  
Fill it in with busy works and within it stay.  
Look not through the sheltering bars anxious for  
to-morrow,  
God will help whatever comes, be it joy or sorrow.”*

Old Warwick, consisting of a church, a school, a blacksmith shop, one store, and a few cottages, was about two miles away from our acre on the hill, in the direction of Providence.

As we came in touch with the country people among whom we lived we could see that there was great need of some place where all might meet for the sake of sociability and the exchange of ideas and opinions. There was no lack of intelligence in the native farmers and fishermen, but there was no room where they might come together for discussions on the news of the day, current events of the times, political questions. Their only common ground for the expression of thought was on the porch of the store, and here, in the evenings, they gathered with a miscellaneous assortment of sea and land yarns and local gossip that rivalled the mixed array within the store of salt codfish, molasses, ginghams, candy and ribbons.

Realizing there should be some kind of a public hall, we set to work to interest others in a plan we had in mind, which was to build a place that could be used solely for such purpose. Some of the sum-

mer residents very generously entered into the project and it was not long before the funds were subscribed which made it possible. The Club House was erected on a site not far from the store, and was a success from the beginning. It became the center of entertainment and instruction for the entire community; games and simple talks were arranged for the children, there was a circulating library and weekly papers. Lectures were given on various subjects, my husband speaking several times about his world-travels. He showed his audience word-pictures of historic lands of the Far East they had never hoped to see. The influence of the club was always helpful.

I will here include the program of an Old Folks Concert in which many of the young people took part. This quaint entertainment was long remembered and spoken of:

### A

Great Consorte of Musick

Will be held in ye

LEAGUE HALL, OLD WARWICK,

On Tuesday Evening, March 11th, 1884

Ye lath string will be hung out at early candle light

Ye Singers will be in their places and ye Consorte will

commence at 7:30

All who come should be provided with wampum as a

tax of 25 cents will be levied upon each grown

person, and 15 cents upon each child

---

Ye Printing by A. Crawford & Son, 22 Canal St., Prov.

To-day the Club House still stands, on the front of the building the old wood-carved owl looks solemnly down in patronizing fashion upon the newcomers. It welcomes all to the enjoyment of the meeting place, and is a staunch landmark for Old Warwick.

## XIII

### FARMING

**A**T Warwick Neck the boy worked out for himself many of the plans he had formulated on his homeward voyage. He invested his savings in some hens and a rooster. These were regarded as members of the family, and, as seemed proper in the case, were all given names. As it hatched, each fluffy chick was endowed with a title borrowed from one of our missionary friends and it was distinguished company that strutted about the barnyard. The rooster was called after a very High Church bishop in China. When occasion demanded it, such as the preparation of a fricassee, we had to sacrifice a Methodist, or very often a Presbyterian was selected for the Sunday roast.

Studying food values for his chickens, the boy discovered that "horse-feet" was particularly relished. This article, so named because it was flat and the shape of a horse foot, was washed up by the sea on the Rhode Island shore. It may have been a weed or a fish, of the animal or vegetable kingdom, but it was rich in phosphates or some other element of nutrition, and the hens liked



it. As the boy said—it made them lay like mad. His father bought all the eggs and chickens at a good price, and the young farmer found his poultry to be a profitable product.

In course of time a calf was added to the stock. and then a pig. The boy raised these animals without much cost, by another bit of enterprise. After negotiating for the privilege he went every day to the backdoor of one of the wealthy neighbours and took away the garbage. The waste from the table was excellent fodder, and on it the creatures thrived and grew. The calf, developing into a cow, gave milk which the boy sold to his father for household use, and again earned a profit.

We had an early lesson in overcoming difficulties in those first days at Warwick Neck. A bountiful harvest of huckleberries remained unpicked in the fields, and we were puzzled because no one had taken the delicious fruit. The reason proved to be that the bushes were infested with a tiny, red spider that would burrow under the skin, producing a terrible itching that lasted until the insect died. We consulted together whether or not the berries were worth the punishment and decided that they were. Protecting ourselves as well as we could, we attacked the problem, stripping off the fruit day after day, in all picking about one hundred quarts. Of course the red spider bit us, but we bathed in salt water and rubbed on soda and endured the itching for the sake of the substantial

reward for our efforts. We had huckleberries to eat and to can and to give away, we enjoyed them fresh and cooked for a long time after. Best of all, in his mother's estimation the boy had strengthened his character by the resolute way in which he went to work at the unpleasant task. The little girl was so young that it seemed unfair to let her suffer, so she did not share the experiment.

I must not neglect to mention that among the boy's new accomplishments the first season at the Neck, was the acquiring of the art of serving the clambake as it is done at Rocky Point, Rhode Island. He learned it in all the progressive stages. And here is the authentic procedure:

Upon hot stones a bed of seaweed is made, and on it sweet potatoes and corn are laid; over this a layer of clams; again a quantity of seaweed and on top of all a sail-cloth. This savory pile is left to steam for half an hour and then dished up in tin pans with hot fish chowder, melted butter and steamed Boston brown bread. The finishing touch, if it happens to be in season, is a ripe watermelon.

Another instance illustrating God's answer in an emergency comes to me.

Our summer at the Neck was ending and plans were arranged for the coming seasons for each one. The daughter was to go to boarding school, the boy to school at Mohegan Lake, the head of the house and myself to Brooklyn. The only person in our household for whom there seemed no place was the

frail baby of Maggie, our faithful maid. She had to find work in the city and could not have the baby with her, so I tried to get it into an orphan asylum, a nursery, or some such institution, but without success. This troubled us a great deal. Maggie and I prayed to be shown where the child might be taken care of. She, a Roman Catholic, and I, a Protestant, made the same supplication one night while a terrific thunderstorm was raging. At an unusual flash Maggie ran frightened and trembling into the room where the baby lay and then called to me. When I bent over the little form I knew that life had fled, but a physician was quickly called. His examination finished, the doctor said to us: "The little fellow has gone away on the storm." So we knew that his Maker had found a place for the baby, without any help from us.

As an afterthought about our acre of land, I recall our last visit. When the boy had become a man, and married, we three went to Warwick Neck to show the wife the cottage, which had passed out of our hands years before. Turning the corner which should have brought it into view we stood still, the home was gone, it had been burned to the ground. The barn was there, and the man, who was once the boy, ran eagerly and climbed into the hay-loft. Presently he was back and in his hand was a toy that he had played with and left under the eaves so many years before.

## XIV

### CHAUTAUQUA

**T**HE variety of Chautauqua's attractions, its spirit of work and play and study, its comradeship, makes it a place of joy to see and to remember.

My boy earned his first money at Chautauqua, looking after the boats which were rented by the hour, and there he took his first lessons in physical training as he helped the instructors in the gymnasium. My girl found occupation for her special talents, her love of children prompted her to organize the young girls' club, and she could teach them basketry and simple cookery.

Ambition born, perhaps, in some remote village, may find in Chautauqua a veritable land of fulfillment. Opportunity is given to learn and to improve, students gather to be tutored for college examinations; teachers go to be fitted for higher positions. Valuable acquaintances are made during the summer months when people come together from all quarters, and often enduring friendships result.

One of my visits to Chautauqua brought into my life a delightful friend, Miss Masters the elder,

then head of the fine school for girls at Dobbs Ferry. Our meeting made me realize that large doors swing on small hinges. It happened in this way: I left my cottage one beautiful morning and wandered into the Hall of Philosophy, where Mrs. B. T. Vincent, leader of the woman's club work, and one of the loveliest souls that ever tarried in this world, was holding a meeting. Just as I was, without hat, I slipped into a rear seat to listen to reports and talks on different subjects. Suddenly Mrs. Vincent called upon me to speak of my work among the needy in lower New York. Much interest was shown in the brief outline I was able to give without preparation, and at the close of the meeting Miss Masters came to me and grasped my hand warmly. Out of our conversation grew further meetings, and once or twice a year for twenty years, I went to Dobbs Ferry and spoke to the girls.

I remember one case in particular—one of many—where Chautauqua opened a bigger future to a woman. She had been organist in a church in the South, supporting her children, as she was a widow. Just before the summer vacation a large pipe-organ was presented to the church, and she understood that an organist able to handle the larger instrument would be needed in her place. She knew of the great organ installed in Chautauqua and of the opportunities offered there for study, so journeying North she spent July and August in

Chautauqua, taking organ lessons from one of the noted musicians there. She returned home in the fall able to fill the higher position and to command the increased salary that went with it.

Sunday is a unique day at Chautauqua. Lectures and lessons are put aside, the doors of the gymnasium closed, playgrounds deserted. Steamers which call frequently during the week pass by on the other side of the lake, the rowboats are put to rest. Trains make no nearby stop. All is quiet, a Sabbath calm is upon the whole place. At eleven in the morning an immense congregation gathers in the great amphitheatre, called by the chimes and the beautiful music of the organ. In the afternoon there are Sunday exercises and Bible stories for the children. The early evening brings the vesper service in the hall in the grove, with its vines and surrounding giant trees, and every seat, and even the steps, are occupied by a reverential company. Here they always sing the hymn written for Chautauqua and used year after year. It is so in tune with the spirit of the place that I feel like quoting it, giving due credit to its author, Mary Ann Lathbury:

*Day is dying in the west;  
Heaven is touching earth with rest;  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets her evening lamps alight  
Through all the sky.*

*Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God of Hosts!*

*Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;  
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord Most High!*

*Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the universe, Thy home,  
Gather us, who seek Thy face,  
To the fold of Thy embrace  
For Thou art nigh.*

*While the deepening shadows fall,  
Heart of Love, enfolding all,  
Through the glory and the grace  
Of the stars that veil Thy face,  
Our hearts ascend.*

*When forever from our sight  
Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morning rise,  
And shadows end!*



## XV

### BROTHER AND SISTER

**A** PROMINENT place has not been given in this story to my adopted daughter, but in the few brief references to the child and young girl I have meant to convey an impression that she was very dear to all of us. Now I must say a word concerning her, sketching an outline of her life after the Chautauqua days.

Possessed of a nature deeply affectionate and sweet, she was not only happy herself, but created an atmosphere of happiness. Children loved her; without trying to, she charmed them. In the morning they were upon the doorstep waiting, calling to her, clinging to both hands when she joined them upon the street. She drew friends that were impelling powers in her life. Two that strongly influenced her career were President Harper, of Chicago University, and Dr. George Vincent. With these men of note and their families in Chicago my daughter enjoyed a close relationship and a mutually enduring attachment.

She needed no stimulation to study, for her mind was always keen to learn. But ambition prodded her to keep pace with her brother when he went to





MY ADOPTED DAUGHTER



college. Because of her friends there the Chicago University was a natural selection, and at Packer Institute she prepared for entrance, although we were not at all sure we would be able to give her that advantage. Nevertheless, in all faith she made ready, and when the time came the means were at hand. The first money that her brother earned in his profession was put to that use, and it was his financial help that carried her through to graduation at the Chicago University.

There were frequent vacation periods when my daughter's bright presence was with me upon my travels. But I want to touch only upon her training for her work, and in this connection there should be mentioned a special course in domestic science which occupied her for one year.

A class of five educated practical girls took up the study of food values and cookery under an instructor brought especially to New York from Boston by Mrs. William H. Osborn.

Afterwards my daughter was called to fill a position with the Macdonald College in Canada, and assisted materially in the management and equipment of its domestic science department. Completing the term of her engagement, she again took several journeys with me. I know that her young life was happy. Then came her wedding to an army officer of distinction. I will touch only lightly the last event in her story. After a

few most happy years of marriage, she passed to her eternal home.

The boy's schooldays were spent at Mohegan Lake. There is an episode worth telling of this period. The Major at head of the school was a strict disciplinarian, but his rules were just. He aimed to build character as well as brain power. The habit of smoking he believed to be harmful, and pledged the students not to buy tobacco. My son had never smoked, and at this date of writing I can still say the same of him. As a boy his grandfather promised him a substantial reward if he would not touch tobacco until he had reached twenty-one. On attaining that age he had judgment enough to decide to leave it alone altogether.

To resume the story: One day a group of boys were walking together when the Major came in sight. Instantly a forbidden cigar was hidden. Guided by suspicion, the instructor made a search and found the evidence in the pocket of my son. That one whom he had specially trusted appeared to be the culprit, was a bitter disappointment to the headmaster, and his reprimand was open and severe. The boy had nothing to say in his own defence, either then or at any time. For months he endured the displeasure of the Major and the criticism of his mates. Finally there came a day when school was assembled in extra session. From the platform the master reminded the pupils of the incident and then publicly acknowledged that he

had made a great mistake, that the boy whom he had believed guilty was wholly innocent, had bravely taken the punishment for the smoker who had put the cigar in his pocket, and who, abiding by the code of honour of his class, refused to "squeal" in order to save himself. The vindication was complete.

Graduating from preparatory school at Mohegan Lake, the boy entered college for training for the profession of medicine and surgery which was to be his life-work.

We had purchased a house in Brooklyn and made this our home; back and forth, every day, the boy went to his classes at Columbia College in New York. In the very beginning of the term's work he was taken with typhoid fever and was out of classes a long time. He was still weak after convalescence when he resumed his studies, and the daily trip was found to be too great a tax upon his strength.

Here we were confronted with a new situation. Our little family must not be separated, yet the boy must continue going to college. Every consideration was weighed. Circumstances seemed to make it impossible for us to leave Brooklyn as a place of residence. We prayed for guidance and trusted that the way would appear. The answer came almost at once. A sea-captain, on a two-year leave of absence came to the house one day and said that he was looking for a furnished house

in a locality where there were good schools for his children. Our home was offered, but not until we had pointed out its need of repairs, papering and painting, and stated that we did not feel like undertaking this additional expense just then. He asked to be shown over the house, and having inspected it from top to bottom, said: "I will take it just as it is."

Our difficulty removed, we sought comfortable living rooms in the neighbourhood of the university and the boy continued his work to graduation.

A lady friend came to me saying: "My husband needs special care. Our physician has selected your son as the one young man free and able to meet the responsibilities of the case and he can do it. Will you let him go?"

For three years they traveled about the world, visiting Palestine, Egypt, and Europe. At the close of this period the elderly man was pronounced well and lived many years.

My son was then free to take up his practice.

## XVI

### THREE MEMORY PICTURES

**I**N every home there are tucked away some old-time photographs, and in closing this little record of my yesterdays there comes to my mind a few out of many friends whom I would like to remember.

Julie was my chum in Cleveland High School, and she is very real to me. Together we worked out our problems, and took long walks after school each Friday night. She was a country girl, and the rich farm of her parents was too far away for her to go home every day, so she lived with relatives in the city and went home once a month. Sometimes I went with her. When I went to Ipswich, Julie took my place in our home, so that my parents were not left without a daughter.

A photograph of Julie came into the hands of a family in western Ohio, and at that home a young widower visitor chanced upon it in the album. He studied the face of the bright girl and then exclaimed: "I have found the woman I wish to marry." A few days later my father, who always brought the mail home in his hat, took out a fat letter, saying: "Julie, here is something for *you*." It was an exceedingly witty description

of the young widower, and enclosed his photograph. He gave a slight review of his life and described his two little children, and said that he was lonesome. He added that his purpose in writing was purely and simply—matrimony.

The letter was read, laughed over and thrown away. Later it was picked up again and re-read, and Julie said: "I will have some fun out of this, but I never, never will marry him." She answered the letter in the same vein in which it was written, saying she had no intention of accepting his proposal, but would like to get a little fun out of it.

When I came home from school Julie's brother said to me: "Things look very queer. A man, not old nor young, was in our parlor last Saturday night and the curtains were drawn. I don't understand it."

Later there was a wedding. Julie said: "I am a country girl. I do not want a city wedding." Sleighs with plenty of robes met the guests from the city at the station seven miles away. The big dining room of the farmhouse was gay with flowers and a glowing fire, and the table laden with turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, etc.—a real country feast. The President of Oberlin College performed the ceremony, and Julie, as a bride, went to the Pacific Coast to live.

At the time my son entered college at Columbia we moved from Brooklyn to New York. Our



boarding-house was kept by a lady from the Emerald Isle. She informed us upon arrival that the room below was occupied by a "furriner," and that while I would not disturb her, she might disturb me, as she was always clicking on a machine writing things. She said the boarder below was a "Rooshun," her son was "Frinch," her husband Irish-American, and that she talked German. .

My daughter, now in her teens, easily became acquainted with the French boy, who was also in his teens, who one day came to me saying that his mother was ill. This was now my opportunity, and I went to her room. She needed a friend, and she appreciated the friend that I proved to be. In Russia she was a lady of rank, her brother being an admiral in the Russian navy. She represented, in America, three leading newspapers of her country, furnishing political information. The facts concerning her husband gradually came out, and I learned of his great work in the Crimea, in Bulgaria, and the Far East, where he died of a terrible fever. His body was brought to his home in America on one of our war vessels; it lay in state in the City Hall in New York and was afterwards buried in Toledo, Ohio, his native state, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The widow was highly educated and a fluent linguist, she learned English easily and quickly. Her ambition, naturally, was that her son should be well educated. The mother longed for the best,

but could not give it to him. Later on I placed the facts concerning his heritage and the work of his father and mother before the President of Columbia, with the result that the mother was enabled to give him the full college education she desired. In her cottage in the Catskills during the summer I learned more of her ambitions and her wonderful history. This boy has become a cultured man of business, with a home in the Middle West, and has a family of children growing up about him of which the grandmother, were she alive, would be proud. The friendship of this lady and myself grew with the years. I visited her at her cottage in the Catskills and she was often at my home.

There was a faithful attendant in our family, a young colored man who served rather for love than money. At Warwick he looked after the garden, in the city he kept Black Prince's coat sleek and shiny. The horse knew him and turned his black equine face to look into the black human face with a kind greeting.

One day this man came to me with a secret. He had been thinking things over and had made up his mind that he would like to get married. He had asked a promising widow who had been smiling upon him. As vacation was close at hand we readily fell in with the plan and gave him a wedding. We stood at the front windows watching

for the first glimpse of the bridal party. At the hour appointed a coupe drove up to the door and out of it stepped the bride and groom and their attendants—seven in all. After the ceremony we went to the dining room for supper. The boarding-school girls, my daughter and her cousins, served as waitresses and the coloured people were our guests. A large, highly-decorated, frosted cake was cut with a military school sword by my son, who was master of ceremonies, and served by the girls. After the health of the bride had been drunk in sweet cider, the bride, in choking voice, said: “I thank you with all my heart. This is the first time in all my life I ever most forgot I was cullud.”

## XVII

### YEARS IN THE CITY MISSION

**M**Y yesterdays will not be complete without slight mention of my work as superintendent of the Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission Society.

By the sudden death of Mrs. A. R. Brown, who formerly held the position, I was called upon to take her place. She had laid the foundation and I tried to carry on the work according to her plan. In the beginning a much-needed friend stood ready with advice and suggestion. This was Dr. A. F. Schauffler, the head of the Society, who had given to it a lifetime of devotion and invaluable service.

In the results of my efforts in the Woman's Branch, credit is due to Mrs. William H. Osborn. Always a factor in mission work, one example of her influence remains in the Bellevue Training School for Nurses. Through her, the first trained nurse went on duty among the tenement poor. My activities were of great interest to Mrs. Osborn and many quiet days I spent in her beautiful home at Garrisons on the Hudson. In conference we discussed conditions and shaped plans, and I always felt spiritually lifted out of the turmoil, as we



LUCY SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE



were in reality there upon the broad terrace overlooking the river.

Of this lady I could continue to speak, and also of others whose strong, helpful lives I was privileged to know and share in part. The lovely character of Mrs. Morris K. Jesup is remembered. She was a leader, yet simple and sincere in desire to do good. I could always depend upon the co-operation and counsel of Mrs. Jesup. Her sympathy and understanding never failed. Some of the undertakings for which I was responsible during the years that I was superintendent, were house-to-house visitation, canvassing or seeking the stranger in a strange land, children's classes, girls' and boys' clubs, the day nursery, the baby fold, mothers' meetings, mothers' rallies. Stories of these gatherings have appeared from time to time in the *City Mission Monthly*, of which I was associate editor, and in the Annual Reports; a few scattered recollections I covered in my book *Helping the Helpless*.

It was Mr. and Mrs. Jesup who gave the houses Nos. 127 and 129 East Tenth street for the missionaries' and nurses' home.

Headquarters at first were in the old Bible House. These were soon outgrown. At a later date the United Charities Building was most generously provided by Mr. John S. Kennedy for the purposes of uplift and welfare work conducted by the four societies of the city—the Association for

Improving the Condition of the Poor, Charity Organization Society, Children's Aid Society and New York City Mission. The consolidation of all these branches under one roof saved much time. More recently the building at 7 Gramercy Park was given to the Woman's Branch by Mrs. Kennedy. This is now used as the home for missionaries and nurses and the continually growing class of students.

To this day living proofs of the good accomplished by the workers of the Woman's Branch are coming to my notice. There is abundant voluntary testimony that many and many succeeded in life because of that long-ago start in the right direction. We can only give thanks that the glory of Christianity triumphs, and is still going forward.

These were busy and happy years. Then there came a time when I felt a younger woman ought to lead the work. It was growing rapidly and my strength, I knew, would not keep pace. It had been so long a part of my life that my heart would never be wholly out of it, but it seemed to me wise to sever definite connection.

The Society has passed its one hundredth birthday and confidently marches on most ably conducted by my successor, an efficient and sympathetic leader, who, with the executive committee, still upholds its old standards and precepts.



## XVIII

### MY SECOND JOURNEY

**C**OMPLETING my term of office in the City Missions, a great longing came over me to see again the Far East and the few friends that remained there.

Because of his duties my son could not take a world-round journey, but I interested a friend who had means and leisure in the project, and she joined me. Planning for an indefinite stay, we started on our travels from New York City, being escorted as far as Albany by my son.

Not tarrying in San Francisco, we were soon on board steamer en route for Honolulu. We spent two delightful weeks there and with accommodations not often found by the traveling public. A luxurious home owned by a wealthy widow had been leased as an exclusive hotel, and in this setting of flowers and fruit trees we lived for a fortnight. As thoroughly as I could, in a short time, I went over the islands searching for relics of the early missionaries. Old dwellings and chapels of the first Christian period still stood, and I saw its influence in the character and habits of the natives.

We remained in the Hawaiian Islands for the

Washington's Birthday celebration. A rare treat it proved to be. The outstanding feature was the grand procession of flower-trimmed automobiles and floats. The Hawaiians, Americans and Japanese tried to outdo each other in decoration; and as all possessed artistic ideas, the rivalry resulted in a gorgeous display of bloom. Grotesque monsters, shaped in flowers, paraded the streets, each with a ceremonial significance. Pastimes of the old Hawaiians were shown, but my knowledge of the race was not sufficient for me to fully understand.

Shortly we took steamer for Japan, and to the memory of the charming festival was added a gratifying personal demonstration. Friends followed us to the pier and threw garlands of fresh flowers around our necks. Literally wrapped in the verdure of the tropics, we waved a good-bye to the little group and to the sun-blessed shores.

A second time I entered the port of Yokohama, at the season when all the land was dressed in cherry blossoms. Neither my friend nor I will forget our stay in the house of the Treasurer of the Presbyterian Board, delightfully located in a garden overlooking Tokio. The charming intimacy, the American way of living, the home atmosphere, refreshed us. At the Inland Sea we lingered for several days. Kyoto, with its thousand temples, and Nara with its single one, were of endless interest. Then to unsurpassed Nikko in its moun-

tain setting, its streets arched by giant trees. There is a saying in Japan: "Never use the word beautiful until you have seen Nikko," and we agreed that the praise was not too extravagant. Nikko deserves the word, even more than other fair points in a fair land.

There was a special reason for visiting Yamaguchi and a particularly special reason exists for mentioning it here. Stationed at the head of the mission school in that place was a lady I had met years before in western New York. She was then a young teacher, and I went to her city to talk about the work in foreign fields.

Arriving in Yamaguchi we found that this friend had made careful plans for our comfort. Jinrikishas waited at the railway station to carry us the remaining five miles. The best part of our delightful visit was to see the wonderful work that was being carried on.

Now at this writing this same lady is in New York on a furlough from her present post, Shini-nosepi, opposite Fusan, to which she was transferred as head of the Presbyterian School in Japan. Her greeting was a statement that filled me with a warm glow of happiness. She said: "Whatever I have done in Japan is because of your influence thirty-eight years ago."

In going to Korea I recalled that my first trip to the East found that country locked against all foreigners. My friend and I reached it in time

to attend the first graduation of the first college opened by missionaries for the Koreans. Here in P'yang we took part in a prayer-meeting, unique because with the new customs the natives retained some of the old. They entered all robed in white and took places on opposite sides of a curtain that divided the room, men to the right, women to the left, while the speaker stood on a platform between where he could be heard on both sides. The only seating accommodation was the floor, the only illumination dim oil lamps, yet the meeting room was full. In any public gathering, the young Korean women always sat apart from the men, hats well down over their faces to indicate the modesty which was the mark of a lady of position.

While in Korea we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Avison, and were able to see something of the work in the capital, Seoul, and the Severance Hospital.

I must speak of our meeting with the Japanese captain of the little boat that runs to Fusan, Korea. We attracted his attention as soon as we went aboard, and he directed a steward to give us the best places on deck. Afterwards he sat with us and talked in the best English he could manage. "You Clistian?" "I Clistian. My wife Clistian. She learn at school at Kobe." From further conversation we learned that the young woman he married had graduated from the mission school in

Kobe, and since then had been a Christian influence in her circle.

At Kobe we took steamer for Hong Kong, China, and thence to Canton, visiting there the new university to which Dr. Edmunds devoted his life.

From Shanghai by way of the Yangtze River we went north to Peking, the intersecting point of the railroads, and en route we stopped at the scene of the Boxer Rebellion. A missionary whom we knew had been a victim of this massacre, and for this reason the place made a personal appeal to us.

In attempting to reach Russia by way of Peking we fell into real adventure. The beginning of the Trans-Siberian Railroad was at Vladivostok, but reached only from Korea. This meant a journey back over the way we had just come, and we were not inclined to take it. Further inquiry disclosed that three short roads ran between Peking and the terminal, but being variously Chinese, Japanese and Russian railway lines, the schedules did not function. We nevertheless decided on this route, with the result that we were landed in many strange places with no immediate or connected way of getting out of them. Two unattended ladies might reasonably feel a little nervous at being left to seek a night's lodging in a land the language of which they did not speak. At an inn in one town we met an American missionary on his way home. He was a very thin and worn man, and we noticed that he went directly to his room in-

stead of coming into the dining room. We were served with more mutton chops than we could eat, and I sent word to the missionary asking him to join us. He replied that he was not hungry and meant to retire. But my experienced eye knew the type, I was sure it was a case of voluntary starvation. Afterwards the truth came out—that he was traveling as cheaply as possible so that he would have more to take home to his boys for their education. Convinced that I was right, I went to his room myself and knocking at the door said that his company would be a safeguard to two unescorted ladies and begging him to dine with us. This effort was more successful, and he really helped to dispose of the mutton chops and the next day aided us in making the final transfer to the train that was to cross Siberia.

It was a journey of a week. There were frequent stops as the wood-fed engine needed often to replenish its supply of fuel, and the passengers could go into the little stations for tea or to make purchases, since every station was also a shop. With an eye to the traveling public's fondness for buying, each town displayed a good quantity of merchandise just where it could not be overlooked in the short train stops of this once-a-week event, the passing of the Trans-Siberian Railway cars.

The villagers would flock to the station for a glimpse of the foreigners and to show off their own fashions. If there happened to be a newly-made

bride in the place, she would parade up and down the platform in all her wedding finery to give the strangers a treat.

What was not short of a remarkable coincidence overtook us on this trip. While we were in Japan my friend had been most anxious to locate the daughter of a friend of hers in America; we looked up the address given, but no one by that name was known there. It was disappointing, as we had hoped to send the mother direct news of her daughter, she wanted to be assured that the girl was happy, as she had married abroad and the son-in-law had never met the family. However, we were obliged to give up the search.

While promenading at one of the way stations in Siberia we noticed a gentleman, apparently a German, who seemed to be interested in us. We imagined he tried to catch scraps of our conversation as we passed. Into my mind came the American girl we had endeavoured to find in Japan; I knew her husband was a German, and on an impulse I determined to speak to the man at the station. Surely it was strange that he actually was the one we sought! He introduced himself after we had given our names and told of his wife. His companionship for the rest of the way was very enjoyable, and when we later passed through Germany homeward bound we stopped at his town and called upon the wife, and my friend was able to send so good an account of the American girl's hap-



piness that the mother in the United States decided at once to cross the ocean and become acquainted with the son-in-law of whom others could speak so well.

Much that was wonderful held us in Moscow and in St. Petersburg. We stood one day under the vaulted dome of a great cathedral and sang a simple Christian hymn, and heard the volume of sound, grander than our voices had given forth, that the mysterious echoes returned to us.

At Tsarkoe-Selo we had a view of the Czar Nicholas, and the royal family. In Sweden we saw Kaiser Wilhelm and King Oscar riding together.

In Norway we covered every accessible point of interest by a series of daily carriage drives. The glorious scenery enthralled us.

A short interval in Holland and a brief stay in Germany brought us around the circle and headed for Paris, where my son was waiting our arrival. At the Gare du Nord our reunion took place, after nearly a year's separation.

Then by a devious route the three of us began our journey home.

We motored through rural France, to Fontainebleau and Chantilly. In England we paid a brief visit to London, Oxford, Cambridge and Chester, and by automobile saw Devonshire and Wales. Along the beautiful English lakes we followed the



trail of the poets. We found Tennyson's brook still singing:

*"I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling."*

From Hollyhead we crossed to Ireland, and in Dublin found old friends, whose fine country estate we visited.

In this Irish city we were treated to a sample of Irish wit. Three statues adorn the Post Office and they were pointed out to travelers as the Twelve Apostles. When the natural question arose, "Where are the other nine?" the answer came readily enough: "They are inside sorting the mail!"

Killarney, Dunlow and The Meeting of the Waters will never be forgotten by either of us. These beauty spots came at the last stage of the journey. After we had drank in their beauties we motored to Queenstown, and so aboard the Atlantic liner that brought us home.

And so, with only this brief account of my second journey around the world, the little book is closed.

*"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be  
afraid!"*









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